The Bucks County Gazette.

VOL. XXII. BRISTOL, BUCKS COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1894. NO. 5

Upper Delaware River Transportation Company.

In effect May 31, 1894:

Steamers leave Bristol for Philadelphia, at 7 7.30 and 10.3 a m 2 15 4 and 5 p. m

Returning, leaves Philadelphia Chestnut St wharf, at 7 30 and 11 15 a m 2 3 4 45 and 6 p. m

*12 1 Instead of 11 15 on Saturdays

Sundays, leave Bristol for Philadelphia at 8 15, 10 0 a. m 4 and 5 p. m

Returning, leave Philadelphia for Bristol at 8.00 a m 2 3 and 6 p. m.

Mr. Geo Woodill, of Carncross' Opera House, and his celebrated orchestra will accompany the Steamer Columbia daily on 2 p m. trip, and render choice selections of music

Inter-State Steamboat Co.

Steam. Florence

For Philadelphia, leaves Bristol 8.30 A M. Returning leaves Arch Street, Philadelphia, 2.30 P. M

Sundays, leaves Bristol 8.15 a m., 3.15 p m.

Returning, leaves Philadelphia 10.15 a. m., 5.15 p. m

Steamer **POKANOKET** leaves Bristol at 9 a m. for Philadelphia. Returning, leaves Philadelphia, Arch Street, at 3.30 p m

Leaves Bristol for Trenton about 5 p. m.

Leaves Trenton for Bristol at 7.30 a m

Pennsylvania Railroad.

In effect July 1st, 1894

Leave Bristol for Phila., (Broad St.) *2.46, 5.35, 6 30, 6 52, 7.13, *8.12, 8.23, *9.14, 9 51, *10.26 A. M. 12.05, 12 55, *1.17, *2 40, *3.03, 3.10, 4.02, 4.59, 5 43, 6.25, *7.00, *7.32, 8 30, 9.27, *11.03 P. M. Sunday trains, *2.46, 7.00, *8.11, 9.00, *10.26 A. M. *12.04, 12 25, 5.05, 5 43, *7.21, 8.00, *8 20, 8 50, 9.28, *11.03 P. M.

Leave Phila. (Broad St.) for Bristol, 12.01, *3 20, 6.07, *6.50, 7 34, *8.14, *8.25, 8 30, 9.55, *11.14 A.M. 12.01, 1 10, 1.50, 2.43, 3 32, *3.52, 4.30, *5.00, 5.25, *6 00, 6.02, 6.21, 7.27, 9 17, *10 00, 11.15 P. M. Sunday trains, 12.01, 7 40, *8.25, *8.30, 9.05, 11.45, A. M. 2.00, *5.20, 5 53, *6.20, *6.30, 7.27, *8.12, 10 25 P M.

(*) Express trains.

For further particulars apply to the ticket agent at station.

J. M. PREVOST, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passenger Agent

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

NEW YORK—Arrives at 7.00, 10.40 A. M., 2.20, 6.40 P. M. Closes at 7.00, 8.15, 10.40 A. M., 3.30, 7.00 P M

PHILADELPHIA—Arrives at 7.00, 7.45, 10.00 A. M., 1.00, 4 10, 5.20 P. M. Closes at 7.45, 10.00 A. M., 1.40 3.30, 6.00 P. M.

NEWPORT, VILLE—Arrives at 8.00 A. M. and leaves at 8.17 A. M.

EMILIE OXFORD VALLEY, &c—Arrives at 10.10 A. M Close at 11.45 A. M.

NEWTOWN Stage arrives 11.30 A M., leaves 1.00 P. M.

WESTERN—Arrives at 7 15, 10 00 A. M. Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.

Post Office closes 8.00 P. M. Saturday, 8.30 P M. Open Sunday from 8 to 9 A. M.

W. H. H. FINE, P. M.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

—Any person sending to this office the names of two new subscribers, and two dollars, will receive the paper free for one year,—three copies of the paper one year for two dollars.

—Rain is much needed.

—Autumn leaves are falling.

—Thanksgiving is the next holiday.

—Council meets next Monday night.

—The oyster season opens auspiciously.

—Peaches and melons are in their prime.

—Summer travelers are slowly wending their way homeward.

—The reed bird season is now on. The birds are said to be plenty.

—The parochial school of St. Mark's Church re opened on last Tuesday.

—The Street Committee has filled a bad pest hole on Lafayette street with gravel.

—All the pastors of the Bristol churches have returned from their vacations.

—The GAZETTE has a fine line of samples of ball programmes, tickets, etc. Call and get suited.

—A perch festival will be given by the Ladies Aid Society of the Cornwells M. E. Church, on the church grounds, this evening.

—Rev. Gray, of Trenton, N. J., will address the members of the Second Baptist Church, (colored) Sunday evening, at Red Men's Hall.

—The Fourth Annual Ball of Division No. 1, A. O H., will be held in A. O H. Hall, Corson street, on Friday evening, the 28th inst.

—The regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held on next Wednesday afternoon, at 4 p. m., on mothers' work. A good attendance of the members is hoped for.

—At the GAZETTE job office a large stock of envelopes, cards, bill heads, statements, are kept on hand and everything in the printing line executed without unnecessary delay.

—There were thirteen deaths in the Borough of Bristol during the month of August. The causes of death were as follows: consuption, 1; cholera infantum, 1; convulsions, 1; cancer, 1; concussion of brain, 1; diphtheria, 3; heart disease, 2.

—List of letters remaining in Bristol post office, September 6th, 1894: **Miss Annie Comer, Mrs. M. Cunningham, Miss Maggie Caldwell, James Duffy, John W. Evans, Wm. Grubb, Mrs. Mary Garbia, H. Hellings, Miss Emma Harris, Mrs. Thomas King, John Singer, Miss Emma Moodhop, Jacob Sheider, James Stackhouse.**

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mr. Armand Morris is in New Haven preparing to enter Yale.

Mrs. Rebecca Mears are Mrs. Sarah Kinsey are at Asbury Park.

Mr. Archie Morris left Bristol on Tuesday for Lehigh University.

Miss Thomas, of Philadelphia, is visiting Mrs. Walter F Leedom.

Miss Helen Knight, of Tacony, is visiting her grandfather, Jesse W. Knight.

Mr. and Mrs. Stacy B. Pursell, are visiting friends in the vicinity of Easton, Pa.

Miss Julia Slack left Bristol last Saturday for a week's sojourn at Anglesea, N. J.

Rev J Chester Hyde, of New London, Conn. was in Bristol several days last week greeting old friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter F. Leedom spent Saturday and Sunday with Dr. and Mrs. Wilson, who are tenting at Ocean Grove.

Mr. Pemberton M. Minster has gone on a business trip for D. Landreth & Sons through the Western states. He will be away from Bristol for about ten weeks.

Mr. W. E. Butler and daughters, of Charleston, S. C., and Mrs. Martine, of Philadelphia, were in Bristol during the past week, the guests of Mrs. Talulah Downing.

—The trolley engineers surveyed the streets of Bristol last week.

—The Strumfels base ball team went to Beverly, last Saturday afternoon, and were defeated by the Beverly club, by the score of 19 to 6.

—Harry J. Shoemaker, of Doylestown, is assisting Republican State Chairman Gilkeson at the State headquarters of the party, and has charge of the speakers' bureau of the committee.

—John G Vandegrift, whose store was recently destroyed by fire at Edington, will erect a new building on the site of the old store. In the meantime the stone building formerly used as a residence will be utilized for store purposes while the new one is being erected.

—We print to-day a number of complimentary allusions from our esteemed contemporaries of both parties concerning the candidacy of Mr. E. M. Wood for Representative of the lower district of Bucks county. Mr. Wood is perhaps the most prominent candidate named, and he has the endorsement of a great many people in Bristol and vicinity.

—The Pythian re-union at Parkland, yesterday, was attended by about 2000 people. Addresses were made by Rev. W. H. Clipman, Rev. W. G. P. Brinckloe and Thomas C. Leet. The foot race was won by Howard Wright, who won a silk umbrella as the prize. In the evening dancing was participated in by a goodly number. Altogether the affair was a pleasant and successful one.

—Edward Nolf, of this Borough, with a loaded six-shooter in his hand, created considerable excitement in Louis Cohen's store, on South Broad street, Trenton, early on Saturday night. He had some trouble over the purchase of a shirt, and pulled his revolver, threatening to empty its contents among those present. Mr. Cohen went after Patrolman Richard Pilger, who disarmed the man and took him to police headquarters, where Mr. Cohen preferred a charge of disorderly conduct against him. Nolf was somewhat intoxicated.

Run Down by the Steamer Columbia.

Four boys had a narrow escape from drowning in the Delaware, opposite Andalusia, Sunday night. The four, James McGowen, aged 17, of 1226 Palmer street, Philadelphia; Charles Larkey and Jeff Vice, of Cramer Hill, N. J., and Edward Harrigan, of Philadelphia, hired a sail boat of H. Benner, at Cramer Hill, early Sunday morning and started on a cruise up the Delaware river. They reached Bristol, and on their return, opposite Andalusia, the steamer Columbia ran into their boat on her last trip up, about 7.30 o'clock, and capsized it. Two of the boys were asleep at the time, and all were thrown into the water. Captain Campbell, of the Columbia, instantly stopped the boat and lowered the life boats, in command of the mate, Peter Strand, and an efficient crew. They rescued all of them. McGowen was badly bruised about the breast, and, it is feared, internally injured. He slept aboard the Columbia Sunday night and was taken to the city Monday morning.

—Austrian police are required to understand telegraphy.

Legal Holidays.

It appears that the act of April 25, 1889, making the first Monday of September a holiday "to be known as 'Labor holiday,'" was superseded by the act approved May 31, 1893, which designates the following days and half days, as holidays in this state, as follows: The first day of January, commonly called New Year's Day; the twenty-second day of February, known as Washington's birthday; Good Friday; the thirtieth day of May, known as Memorial day; the fourth of July, called Independence day; the first Saturday of September, known as Labor Day; the first Tuesday after the first Monday of November, Election day; the twenty-fifth day of December, known as Christmas day; and every Saturday after twelve o'clock noon until twelve o'clock midnight, each of which Saturdays is hereby designated a half holiday, and any day appointed or recommended by the Governor of this State or the President of the United States as a day of thanksgiving.

The United States Army is American.

Congress wanted to know whether our army was really American, not only nominally but in the nationality of its officers and men. The Adjutant-General set about obtaining to information desired, and when eighty-eight out of ninety-six posts had responded, he tabulated the results. They showed that 99 83 per cent. of the commissioned officers were citizens, 77.53 per cent. of the non commissioned, and 75.28 per cent. of the privates.

This was not by any means a discreditable result; but soon the percentage will be much greater, for a new law, passed at the late session, declares that "in time of peace no person except an Indian, who is not a citizen of the United States, or who cannot speak, read and write the English language, or who is or thirty years of age, shall be enlisted for the first enlistment in the army." The fact is, with the career now open to the American soldier, including the possibility of a commission, and thereafter of rising to the highest grades, with the retired list furnishing an assured support for age after thirty years of service, and with the bettering of the condition of the man in the ranks, enlistment in our army is properly regarded as a privilege. Congress is not willing that this privilege should be enjoyed by aliens, to the exclusion of those who are already Americans by birth or adoption, or have taken steps to become citizens.

Good luck to the boys blue.—N. Y. Sun.

—The School Board of Langhorne is in a somewhat similar situation to that of Newtown, and the matter was brought before Judge Yerkes on Monday, at a session of court for the transaction of miscellaneous business. A petition, signed by citizens of Langhorne School District, was presented by Henry Lear, Esq., representing that "the Board of School Directors of that district have been and continue to be tied for the choice of principal of the schools, three Directors voting steadily to continue Miss Elizabeth Lloyd, who taught the preceding term, and three voting sometimes for a male principal and at others blanks." The petition requests that the Court deal with the Board of Directors in accordance with Section XLIII of the School Laws of Pennsylvania. A rule was granted upon the Board to show cause why their offices should not be declared vacant.

—Monday was celebrated in Philadelphia as Labor Day, the foreign element, who seem to make most of the holiday, ignoring the state law and following the national law, which fixes the first Monday in September as the holiday. The celebrators were chiefly German Socialists, who advocated their peculiar doctrines of government and displayed red flags, which they said were not emblems of disloyalty. Socialism and beer seem to be inseparable and among the Germans they are harmonious.

—We have received the prospectus and premium list for the forty-eighth annual Burlington County Fair, at Mount Holly, New Jersey, from October 1 to 5. The regular premiums this year run into thousands of dollars, while the special premiums amout to a large sum in the aggregate. Handsome prizes are offered in the bicycle races, and the small entry fee of $1.00 will doubtless secure a very large number of starters.

—Montgomery County's Almshouse farm produces three times as much butter as is consumed by the 136 inmates.

The New Tariff Law.

When in the Twentieth Century the political and financial historian of the United States sets about the task of preparing his monumental work upon "American Tariff Legislation in the Nineteenth Century, Its Principles, Methods, Operations and Results," he will find it no easy task to compress into one good-sized volume the amazing record of the legislative contest of 1894 that ended in the enactment of the Wilson-Gorman measure. These long months of struggle have been full of incidents of an intensely dramatic nature. The outcome is apologized for, but it meets with no approval. The Democratic party was placed in power on a platform which declared protection to be fraudulent and unconstitutional, and which promised a revenue tariff. It has proceeded to enact a tariff as truly along protective and discriminating lines as any which the Republican party ever placed upon the statute books. But its principal achievement has been the creation of an income tax system, about which there has never been so much as a favorable hint in any Democratic platform. Coming into power with awful anathemas against the trusts and monopolistic corporations which the Republican party was accused of fostering by its tariff policy, this Democratic Congress has confessedly played into the hands of these very combinations at nearly all the points of crucial test.—Review of Reviews.

—Possibly we are on the eve of another great gold discovery and of a rush to the gold fields similar to that of 1849, when gold seekers from all over the world made California their objective point. Rich gold discoveries are reported in the Yukon River region of Alaska, and more than a thousand men are said to be now engaged in placer mining there. Perhaps Alaska, of which so little was expected when it was purchased and which has been so profitable, will become in the near future a great gold producing land, and help lift us out of the depression as the discovery of gold in California did in 1849.

—A good indication of better times is the revival of the building operations. In August 852 permits were granted in Philadelphia, the cost to be $1,403,735, while in August, 1893, there were 527 improvements started at a cost of $1,611,592. Of the recent permits 362 are for dwelling houses, the most of which will be sold to home-seekers, who must have the means to make a partial payment and an income to meet future obligations. The builders are backed by trust companies, and their readiness to advance funds for these operations indicates that capitalists are hopeful of better times.

—The month of August has, the records show, been remarkable for dryness, and no relief is promised now that September is here. In 23 years past the average rainfall during August has been 4.61 inches. During last August the figures show that less than half that much rain fell, the figures being 2.15. In former years August has always been considered a good month for rain, but during the last three years Nature has seen fit to reverse the order of things, and August has been growing more dry each year.

—The Convention of State Republican Clubs was held at Harrisburg yesterday; nearly 200 clubs were represented. Major Everett Warren, of Scranton, was elected president of the organization and A. Wilson Norris vice president. Appropriate resolutions were adopted. In the evening a great mass meeting was held at which General Hastings made the opening speech of the campaign. It was an eloquent discussion of prevailing conditions and the living political issues

—Anglomaniacs who persistently turn up their trousers, whether the weather be clear or not, are open to criticism for bad form. An American traveler, who has just returned from Europe, noticed in London that well-bred people do not turn up their trousers even in the severest weather. The Londoner wears his trousers very short now, the bottom reaching hardly half over the instep. In this way he avoids the mud and rain on the streets.

—A young woman at Newport, Kentucky, was married when 12 years old, became a mother at 13, was divorced at 14, married at 15, was divorced at 17, and married the third time at 19, and was deserted at 20, with three children.

—John G. Vandegrift, Esq., of Bensalem, has been drawn as a juror from Bucks county to serve at the next term of United States Circuit Court at Philadelphia, commencing Monday, October 1.

To Amuse the Baby.

Perhaps the following suggestions may help you to find occupation for your busy boy baby. A baby will be attracted for a short time by some fine toy that he can simply look at, but he will spend ten times as long in putting pegs into holes in a board contrived for the purpose, or in taking out one by one from a well filled basket articles, no matter what—spools, blocks, clothes-pins—anything, so that they are sometimes changed and he does not tire of the monotony. Then the task of putting them all back keeps him busy for a still longer time.

As baby becomes more discerning and his fingers more nimble, a pleasing device for his employment is a board with variously shaped holes, round, square, triangular, etc., with blocks and spheres to fit in the various places. Should these be in bright colors his love for color may also be gratified, and learning these colors soon follows. Little tasks of carrying articles from one portion of the room to another, or from room to room, will often keep a child busy and interested for hours.

A small hammer and tacks, with a soft wood board in which to drive them, is generally a delight to any child old enough not to put the tacks into his mouth. So simple are the employments that will satisfy the little tot that almost any mother will find them constantly suggesting themselves.

—The centreboard is said to have been the invention of one Jococks Swain, a boatbuilder of Seaville, twenty miles north of Cape May. He secured letters patent on it April 10, 1811, signed by James Madison, President, and James Monroe, Secretary of State. Originally it was known as a "centreboard." This new movable keel was afterward called a "leeboard" through the efforts of certain builders to evade the terms of Swain's patent by cutting on one side of the stationary keel for the board. Though of so early an origin, the centreboard did not become widely popular till after 1850, or about the time the America took the famous cup at Cowes.

—A prominent feature of the September Century is the unpublished correspondence of Edgar Allen Poe, edited by George E. Woodberry. Jacob A. Riis writes of "Playgrounds for City Schools." The fiction in this number presents the usual variety. Besides Mrs. Harrison's novelette of contemporary American life, there is the conclusion of Marion Crawford's novelette "Love in Idleness," a story by George A. Hibbard, entitled "The Whirligig of Time," and another of Colorado life by Miss Annie Fuller, "Jake Stanwood's Gal."

—The complete novel in the September number of Lippincott's is "Captain Molly," by Mary A. Denison, and deals with the philanthropic work of the Salvation Army. There are also three excellent short stories in the number. In "Head-Lines," W. T. Larned collects and comments on some of the worst liberties of the American press.

—Scribner's Magazine for September has a notable list of contributors, including F. Marion Crawford, Thomas Nelson Page, Carl Lumholtz, Octave Thanet, Mrs. James T. Fields and Harriet Prescott Spofford. Dr. Carl Lumholtz, the famous explorer, has another paper on the American Cave Dwellers. The fiction of this number is good.

—The clerk of Queen Victoria's kitchen, who always carves, receives a salary of $2,500 a year. The chief receives the same, and two confectioners receive $1,500 each.

—When a Chinaman wants to be revenged on an enemy he goes and hangs himself on the door of the enemy's house, believing it will bring him bad luck.

—The largest rosebush in the United States is in Mobile, Ala. Its trunk for five foot above the ground is nearly a foot in circumference.

—An old woman was brought before the magistrates of Manchester, England, recently, on the charge of drunkenness for the 191st time.

—Postal officials in Philadelphia are considering the advisability for using trolley cars for the conveyance of mails to sub-stations.

—Florida produces over fifty varieties of the orange. The annual crop is about 2,250,000 boxes.

—Kentucky is first in tobacco, fourth in whisky, sixth in hogs and eighth in rye and mules.

—Buffalo is the only city in the United States that has given the country two Presidents.

—China's national hymn is so long that people take half a day to listen to it.

—Live fish have been safely transmitted by mail from India to London.

—Subscribe for the GAZETTE.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Bishop Fowler Talks.

Bishop C. H. Fowler, of Minneapolis, a prominent Methodist, now in the East, said relative to the decision in a Pennsylvania court allowing nuns to teach in the public schools:

"I think the decision of the lower court will be reversed when the case is appealed. The Catholic Church is unwise in reaching after so much in the public schools. They are sure to lose ground, instead of gaining it." Speaking of the Faribault school system, in which Archbishop Ireland is interested, Bishop Fowler said: "We have responsible persons in Minnesota making a thorough investigation of the subject. Their report will soon be made public. At present I am not prepared to speak about it, further than to say that in my opinion all there is of the plan is an attempt on the part of Archbishop Ireland to get the Sisters of Charity into the public schools as a sort of Catholic object lesson to the children."

The Exodus of the Negro.

From G. W. Smalley's letter to the New York Tribune, under date of August 21st, we make the following extracts concerning the American Negro in England and also at home.

"I put the American Negro first among my Personalities. He, if anybody, is a personality, and entitled for more reasons than one to precedence and to a good deal more precedence than he gets. And if his case were less strong than it is, I cannot forget the Abolitionist days before the war.

"The American negro, we are told, is coming to England in large numbers. The authority alleged by an English paper for this statement is none other than that of the United States Consul-General. His statement is confirmed, adds the chronicler, by the steamship agents. They are said to have told somebody, perhaps an interviewer, that nearly all the wealthy 'colored folks' in America are sending their sons to study law, medicine, or art, in London. I hope not art. The negro ought to have same natural gift for art, and if he have, why should it be laboriously educated out of him by the Royal Academy or the South Kensington School?

"It is 'The Westminster Gazette,'—which may be called the daily edition of Mr. George Newnes's 'Titbits,'—from which I am quoting. I need hardly add that this Radical sheet with the usual Radical goodwill to America, suggests that this emigration is due to the treatment which 'the dusky stepchildren of Uncle Sam' receive, even in the Northern States. Miss Ida Wells has possessed the English mind with the notion that negro lynchings and burnings are of daily occurrence in the United States—perhaps even in the Northern States. I never cared to comment on Miss Wells's proceedings in England. Had she been a white woman, she would have deserved censure for appealing from American to British public opinion on an American question. But I have always thought it optional with the American negro to consider himself or herself under or above the ordinary obligations of American citizenship. The Fourteenth Amendment is hardly yet a generation old. If Miss Wells thinks she has a better chance of justice, or of attention, here than at home, I will not blame her. We owe the negroes many debts which we have not yet paid, and seem in no great hurry to pay. If in truth the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments are a dead letter;—if the negro is not a citizen or has not the full rights of a citizen, we have no cause to complain of his saying to, even outside of the country which does not insure him the enjoyment of the rights to which he has a legal claim."

Trolley Engineers Coming.

Fell & Company, with their Trolley Engineers, will be in Doylestown in a couple of days and begin the survey of our streets for laying the rails. The borough ordinance was taken to them and they are satisfied with the concessions made. The Company means business, and the rails will be laid down to Buckingham Valley at the earliest possible day. When they get there they will put cars on, and perhaps before, so as to assist in the transportation of material. The long-looked, and wished for trolley is now almost in sight, and we beg our citizens not throw a damper on an enterprise that promises so much for our borough and vicinity. This will be but the beginning of the trolley system whose centre will be Doylestown.—Democrat.

To prevent the hair from falling out saturate the scalp twice a week with the following: One ounce of borax, one-half ounce of gum camphor, one quart rain water. Boil all together and bottle.

Hot applications are good for local pain or soreness. Not only burns and eruptions, but surgical cases are successfully treated with hot immersions.

Go to E. M. Wood for Boots and Shoes.

KIND WORDS.

A Few of the Many Expressions of our Contemporaries Concerning our Popular Candidate for the Legislature.

EDWARD M. WOOD,

A prominent young merchant of Bristol, Pa., is a popular candidate for the Legislature from the Lower District of Bucks county.

[illegible] great hustler for his party. His own ward, heretofore Democratic, gave the Republican candidates for Council over one hundred majority at the last municipal election, which places this district safely among the Republican ranks. The successful efforts of Mr Wood have gained for him a reputation that would place him among the leaders of his party in old Bucks. Mr. Wood is a member of Bristol's Council and is at the head of the Fire Department of that town, which, by the way, ranks among the finest in the State. Mr. Wood was born in Philadelphia during the war, his father, Aaron Wood, a well-known old citizen of West Philadelphia, having nine sons, all living in this State, who hope to cast a family vote of ten for Governor this Fall.

The many friends of Mr. Wood, including a number of the most prominent citizens of the county, are making every effort for his nomination, and they feel convinced that their candidate will represent his constituents with ability and in a safe and satisfactory manner.—Republican.

Edward M. Wood, of Bristol, a prominent merchant and a young Republican of a hustling reputation, is a popular candidate for the Legislature, from the Lower District.

Mr. Wood has hosts of friends, many who are prominent citizens of the county, who will use every effort to nominate their candidate, feeling assured that their interests will be well cared for.—Intelligencer.

ANOTHER AGAINST CAMERON.

While the question of a United States Senator to succeed Mr. Cameron is not a direct issue in the nomination for candidates to the lower house of the Legislature this year there is so much discussion of it and such interest taken in it in the canvass for the Legislature in this county that some of the candidates for the House are very free in the expression of their views. One of these is Edward M. Wood, of Bristol, who is a candidate for nomination from the lower district. He does not hesitate to say that he is opposed to the re-election of Mr. Cameron, and he has to answer the question very frequently in the course of his canvass. It seems to be well ascertained that the Republican sentiment in the county is in the same direction overwhelmingly, and Mr. Wood's frank declaration has given him a good deal of prestige in the contest.—Philadelphia Press.

Bucks county is having a political shaking up. The candidates for the various offices are numerous and a lively canvass is being made. The fight for the Assembly in the middle of the district will be interesting as the candidates are prominent Republican workers.

Edward M. Wood is the popular candidate for the Legislature from the lower district. Mr Wood is a Councilman of Bristol borough, and a prominent young Republican of considerable influence. The fact that Bristol must have a candidate and that Mr. Wood would strengthen the ticket, encourages his friends to believe that he will make the nomination without a doubt. Bensalem township will, without a doubt, support Mr. Wood.—Torresdale Times.

Councilman E. M. Wood is making an active canvass for the Republican nomination for Assembly, and we notice his card in most of the county papers. The Advance this week says that "Mr. Wood has a wide acquaintance among the people of that section who, recognizing his ability, consider that the times demand that business men should be given a representation in the State Legislature."—Observer.

Mr. Wood is as much of a hustler in politics as he is in business. He has been an active party worker in his ward and good results have followed. Mr. Wood is a member of the Bristol Town Council and is at present chairman of the Fire Committee. He has resided in Bristol for the past twelve or fifteen years and is well known. At present he is engaged in business as a shoe merchant.—Republican.

Councilman Wood's Legislative boom is assuming such proportions as to attract the attention of the Republican politicians throughout the county.—Observer.

E. M. Wood, a prominent merchant of Bristol, Pa., is being very strongly urged for the Legislature from lower end of Bucks county.—Sunday Dispatch.

E. M. Wood, a prominent merchant of Bristol, member of the Borough Council, and head of the Fire Department, is being actively supported by prominent citizens in his canvass to represent the lower end of Bucks county in the Legislature.—Philadelphia Times.

E. M. Wood, the popular Councilman of the 3rd ward, Bristol, is a candidate for the Assembly. Mr. Wood has a wide acquaintance among the people of this section who, recognizing his ability, consider that the times demand that business men should be given a representative in the State Legislature.—Hulmeville Advance.

The following letter, addressed to the Republican voters of the county, is being numerously signed by prominent Republican citizens of Bristol:

To the Republican voters of Bucks county:—

However enthusiastic Republican voters may feel over the outcome of the coming Fall elections and the brightened prospects which promise so well for the success of our tickets, state and county, it is nevertheless the part of wisdom to make careful selection of the local candidates on the county ticket and especially for members of the Assembly. We do not desire to make invidious distinction between the several candidates already announced for the Assembly in the lower district, but we are of the earnest opinion that Bristol, with its 1700 registered voters, should have a representation on the legislative part of the ticket. The Democrats of the county are equal to the emergency of accomplishing two days later than our convention, what the Republicans may fail to do at ours. The perceptable bracing up of the Democratic adherents, since the recent tariff legislation at Washington, bespeaks a more spirited contest in the county than has lately been anticipated, and impresses us more than ever with the importance of the location of the Assembly nominess of our party this Fall.

The personal popularity and hustling ability of our townsman, E. M. Wood; his steadfast Republicanism and business and social standing in our community make him an especially available candidate at this time, which we confidently predict will largely aid in building up a majority not only for himself but for the whole ticket. In the earnest belief that Mr. Wood's nomination for the Assembly would prove an advisable and advantageous one to the Bucks county Republicans, we respectfully invite your co-operation in securing this object

Ask and it Shall be Given You.

MATT. VII: 2.

Duty is ours to perform, the consequence is God's. Since faith is the means of salvation, we, the members and friends of Bristol A. M. E. Church, have launched out with faith to perform the duty which is to ask, and, leaning upon the promise, it shall be give you. We appear earnestly to the general public to aid us liberally in this financial struggle for liberty from the indebtedness of our Church. Our punch cards and subscription lists are before you, and Sunday, September 9th, 1894, is the day set apart for our grand rally. We sincerely hope that [illegible] sion. We are indeed exceedingly grateful to the good people, both Christans and non-Christians, of this community, for all that you have done by which we have been able to succeed nicely. God bless you. All are cordially invited.

Sincerely grateful and humbly.

Yours, in Christ,

J. T. MITCHELL, Pastor.

Mid-September Excursion up the Hudson via Pennsylvania Railroad and Steamer "Sirius."

No other eastern river holds the historic association of the palisaded Hudson. From the busy mart of the metropolis to the quiet waters washing the Newburgh shore a constant panorama is unrolled, where almost every rock has its story. One great advantage of making this tour is in having a tourist agent indicate and describe the various historical points, and this will be done on the Pennsylvania Railroad's Mid-September Excursion on September 13, tickets for which will be sold at all stations between Philadelphia and Trenton inclusive, at which the regular express train leaving Broad Street Station at 6 50 A. M. stops. Connection will also be made and tickets sold from Kensington and stations on the Germantown and Chestnut and Chestnut Hill Branch.

In addition to the above points, tickets will be sold from principal stations between Philadelphia and Bordentown for train leaving Market Street Wharf at 6.10 A. M.

Excursion tickets from all points between Philadelphia and Bristol and Philadelphia and Florence will be sold at $2.50, while the rate from Bordentown will be $2.25, and Trenton $2.00. Children between the age of 5 and 12 years half fare. Tickets will be good to return on regular trains after the arrival of the "Sirius" at Jersey City.

Pennsylvania Tours to the South.

For several seasons past the announcement of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's Tours to the South has been looked for with interest, and the pleasant anticipations of those who participated in them have been more than realized. For the present early autumn, announcement is made of two personally-conducted tours from New York to the mountains of Maryland and Virginia and the two most prominent cities of the upper South. The specific points covered by these tours are Gettysburg, Blue Mountain, Luray Caverns, Natural Bridge, the grottoes of the Shenandoah, and the cities of Richmond and Washington.

It would be difficult to plan a tour of ten days which would embrace a more interesting group of places, as every one of them has an individual interest that cannot fail to enlist wide and favorable attention. The scenery of the entire route is picturesque and attractive, and the season is timed so as to present the scenic beauties in their best form.

These tours will leave New York and Philadelphia on September 15 and 29, and the members of the party will travel in special trains provided exclusively for their use. The entire round trip covers a period of ten days, and excursion tickets, including all traveling expenses, will be sold from New York at $55 and Philadelphia $53.

For itineraries containing complete information as to routes, special train service, descriptive notes, &c., apply to or address Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, N. Y., or Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

Dr. J. D. Thomas, 912 Walnut Street, Philadelphia,

Makes a specialty of using nitrous oxide gas for the painless extraction of teeth. He has now reached the large number of 196,500 people to whom he has administered it.

Do You Cough?

Don't delay. Take Stretch's Balsam Wild Cherry and Horehound—the best cough cure. It cures coughs and colds, bronchitis, asthma, incipient consumption. For whooping cough, it dispels whoop, allays cough and cuts short the disease. Especially effective in dry, hacking cough. For the sudden, dangerous croup it is infallible. At druggists, 25 cents.

Agricultural and Timber Lands

There are thousands of Acres of good Farming and Hardwood Timber Lands in Northern Wisconsin, located on the Wisconsin Central Lines to be had at every low prices, and upon easy terms.

For descriptive pamphlets, and full information, address Fred'k Abbot, Land Commissioner Wisconsin Central Lines, Milwaukee, Wis.

A Complete Establishment.

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the Spring and Summer trade. They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash. Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes. They have suits from $5 to $20, honest goods and well made. Hats, from 40 cts. to $3.00. Underwear from $1.00 to $3.00 per suit; and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial, at various prices. For reliable goods, bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers. They keep no auction trash upon their premises.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.
OFFICE—CORNER RADCLIFFE AND WALNUT STS.
One dollar per year, in advance.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.
THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1894.

Republican Nominations.

STATE TICKET.

GOVERNOR,
Gen. Daniel H. Hastings, Centre Co.

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR,
Walter Lyon, Allegheny Co.

AUDITOR GENERAL,
Amos H. Mylin, Lancaster Co.

SECRETARY OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS,
Gen. James W. Latta, Philadelphia.

CONGRESSMAN-AT-LARGE,
Galusha A. Grow, Susquehanna Co.
George F. Huff, Westmoreland Co.

FOR CONGRESS, SEVENTH DISTRICT,
Irving P. Wanger, Montgomery Co.

The Haze, Material and Moral.

The haze which now spreads over this country to an extent and with a fog of a thickness rarely paralleled in our experience is due, of course, to the long period of drought and the vast forest fires which are a consequence of the dry season. It is intensified along the coast by mist rolling in from the sea. At times hereabouts the yellow light, penetrating through the heavy atmosphere, is like the soft and beautiful illumination of the Indian summer; but in some parts of the East, more particularly in northern New England, the rays of the sun have been so far shut out that the employment of artificial light in the day time has become necessary.

The period of drought began more than two months ago, and in many regions it has been unbroken, unless by a few drops of rain. The ground is parched, vegetation is withered, crops are destroyed altogether, or greatly lessened in amount, and cattle are suffering for lack of sufficient pasturage. The streams are running low or are completely dried up. The season, therefore, has brought calamity to agriculture, more especially to the corn crop, throughout a wide territory. The farmers are depressed, and the aggregate of their losses is enormous. Mills have been compelled to stop running because of the failure of their water supply, and in many places water can be obtained for stock only with great difficulty by carting it from a distance or driving cattle far to find it. It has become necessary to feed hay to stock, the pastures being brown and sere. Forest fires are raging in the Catskills, the Adirondacks, and the Alleghanies, filling the air for miles around with dense smoke, and the readiness with which they are kindled in the dry underbrush is causing alarm in every wooded district.

This is at the East merely, but at the West the situation is terrible. More than a thousand square miles of woodland and prairie have been burned over, with a loss of hundreds of lives. Whole villages have been destroyed, and the inhabitants of the devastated region who have escaped from the flames, have been improverished. The necessities of these unhappy people appeal to the philanthropy of the whole Union; and New York must again come forward with its always generous charity for their relief. Not since the Johnstown disaster has there been so urgent a call for assistance to so many sufferers. The case is even worse than it was then. The losses have been even more widespread, more enormous, and more awful. The aid required, too, must be extended forthwith, and the necessity is likely to continue during the winter. Thousands of farmers and villagers have lost everything on which they depended for a living. Their crops are destroyed, their stock, their dwellings, and their implements. Vast stretches of the richest woodland in the Union have been burned over, and the money loss in timber, standing and cut, has aggregrated many millions. The consequent damage to the railroads in the loss of freights will be great, seriously lessening the earnings which they had been expecting in the autumn.

This widespread calamity, therefore, darkens the prospect of the business revival so confidently expected, and of which there was already an encouraging beginning, due to the exhaustion of stocks of goods in the hands of merchants in all parts of the Union. The haze which fills the atmosphere typifies in its influences the moral clouds resting over the spirit of enterprise.

Meantime labor is struggling against reductions in wages which are not compensated for by any decrease in the cost of living, brought about by a politically treacherous and practically inconsistent tariff. An odious income tax, imposed solely in communistic vindictiveness against thrift and prosperity, and in defiance of Democratic principal and precedent, dampens the party's hopes and estranges from it the wealth and enterprise of the republic.

The situation, therefore, at the opening of autumn is not encouraging either materially or politically.—N. Y. Sun.

HOW TO MAKE A LAWN.

September is the Month in Which to Prepare the Ground,

The first of September is the best time for seeding new grounds, and all preparatory work on them should be completed this month. It ought to be kept in mind in making this preparation that it can be done but once, and it is for a long time; therefore it should be thorough. Deep plowing or spading is a necessity for a good growth of grass. If the ground is wet or springy it must first be underdrained.

The final work is to pulverize the surface soil to the last degree; it is not possible to make it too fine and mellow for the reception of the seed. If stable manure is ploughed in it must be old and well rotted, otherwise the crops of weeds will be too great. In place of stable manure use at the rate of 300, 400 or 500 pounds to the acre of some good commercial fertilizer. When the grass starts, whatever manure or fertilizer may have been used, there will also appear more or less weeds; many of these will be killed by frost later, but others will come again in the spring, for the seeds are in the ground and must germinate. Do not be surprised, therefore, to see them, but one need not be alarmed, for most of them will soon perish after cutting commences, or at latest by next autumn. Some kinds, however, should be removed in the early spring if they appear, especially dandelion and plantain.

In dragging and fining the surface soil see that all little depressions are worked out and the whole left as it is desired to appear when in grass. Use plenty of seed. It is poor economy to be stingy in seeding grass. The thicker it comes up the better the lawn, while if the seeding is sparse it often takes two or three years to remedy it. Choose a still day for seeding, when there is little or no wind, and scatter the seed as evenly as possible and at the rate of at least four bushels to the acre. Afterwards rake over lightly, or if the surface is a large one drag it with a light harrow or brush.—Vick's Magazine.

—Free Trade organs delight in referring to the "odious McKinley law," but Bourke Cockran, a shining light in the Democratic party, says the Senate Tariff bill is a measure "more odious than the McKinley law." Thousands of honest Democrats agree with him.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Mr. J. L. Grissinger

Nervous and Weak

All broken down, unable to sleep, distress and burning in my stomach, smothering and choking spells—this was my condition when I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I have taken 3 bottles and **feel like another man,** can work with ease, weigh over 200, and **am cured.** I shall ever be ready to praise Hood's Sarsaparilla. J. L. GRISSINGER, New Grenada, Pa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

N. B. Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's.

Hood's Pills are endorsed by thousands.

DIRECTIONS for using CREAM BALM

Apply a particle of the Balm well up into the nostrils. After a moment draw a strong breath through the nose. Use three times a day, after meals preferred, and before retiring.

CATARRH

HAY-FEVER

ELY'S CREAM BALM Opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Protects the Membrane from Colds, Restores the Sense of Taste and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once. Price 50 cents at Druggist or by mail.
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

1894. 1895.

Dancing

Wilson's Academy,

Cor. Walnut and Radcliffe Sts.,
BRISTOL, PA.,

Now Open for the Reception of Pupils.

Application can be made at the Hall or by mail.

W. H. J. WILSON.

—Mrs. Mary E. Harris, of Roxbury, Mass., has for thirty years had a hobby for the collection of buttons, and during this time she has gathered 12,000 different kinds. One of the buttons was worn by a soldier in Napoleon's army; another by a soldier in Washington's army, and there are buttons from the uniform of a dozen European armies, as well as from those of the South American Republics.

—September Harper's Magazine is full of special features, among them "Riding to Hounds in England," by Casper W. Whitney; "Early Summer in Japan," by Alfred Parsons; "Some Records of the Ice Age about New York," by T. Mitchell Prudden; "The Origin of a Great Poem (Thanatopsis)," by John White Chadwick, and short stories by Owen Wister, W. E. Norris and Mary E. Wilkins.

Wanamaker's. Wanamaker's.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, September 3, 1894.

NO OTHER RETAIL HOUSE

in the United States, so far as we can learn, has passed through the Custom House so many cases of merchandise within this current week. We have taken out SINCE LAST MONDAY MIDNIGHT more than two hundred cases of goods.

Selling our goods in America we would like to buy them all in America, but the Congress of the United States declares we must not, when it allows manufacturers abroad to undersell home manufacturers.

American workmen are the smartest in the world, but so far they have not learned to buck against the half pay of the old world. Therefore Europe laughs for joy, shows her samples and takes orders fast.

We shall always buy all we can in America and always give preference to Philadelphia-made goods. As merchants we owe it to our customers to get from everywhere the best and at the lowest rate the article can be produced for.

WHEN THE TARIFF FELL

it was silly to flop and flutter and postpone action.

WE HAD POSSESSION OF OUR OWN MINDS and anticipated the effect of the law by promptly making

A NEW SCALE OF PRICES

These are the kind of things that grandmotherly-grand people call "sensations," but we cannot go to sleep as if nothing had happened when an entire change arises in the business conditions of the country.

WE GO IN FOR COMMON SENSE and have shaped our course to meet this new situation.

FIRST—With a small stock of foreign goods in store.

SECOND—With a large stock of foreign goods in the Custom House and afloat.

THIRD—With all the large lots of various kinds of merchandise on hand that we could get under Tariff prices.

While we suffer by losing on goods in store whatever duty we paid the government in excess of what we are now paying on new importations, we UNCOMPLAININGLY TAKE THE LOSS, and our customers have the satisfaction of knowing that what they buy of us is as low as it is ever likely to be—and maybe lower.

LAST YEAR'S FRET AND FEVER of the merchants and manufacturers has resulted in great losses on goods, and the salvage still beats up on our store shore, as can be seen by the terribly low prices still going for goods not imported.

Fine Dress Goods Some at Third Prices

If these fine imported Dress Stuffs were bought now for delivery next January they would be marked much more than present prices when they reach our counters!

There is nothing in the goods themselves or in the prevailing market conditions to warrant such little figures on such choice goods.

$1.50 Bengalines at $1.
In two width of cord; neat satiny finish and rich coloring. 45 in.

$1.50 Figured Armure at $1.
Groundwork of mesh woven patterns with oblong figures. 46 in.

$3 Novelty Armure at $2.
In three rich stripe-patterns. Welcome weight for Fall. 52 in.

$1.50 Bird's-eye Armure at $1.
A sightly fabric in green, navy blues, browns and garnets. Very stylish when used in combination with velvet.

$1.50 Duchesse at $1.
Satin stripe. A highly finished fabric of satiny sheen with block figured stripes in all the popular dark colorings.

$1 All-wool Suitings at 50c.
Broken Check, mostly in brown combinations; style and weight proper for the tailor-made gowns. 46 inches.

75c Ladies' Cloth at 50c.
In solid and mixed colorings made from pure clean wool of medium weight. 52 inches.

$1.25 French Suiting at 75c.
Burleigh, in two weaves, plain and stripe; armure ground work with worsted finish, made for service in the proper dark colorings. 46 inches.

Fall Dress Goods

Some of them at half former prices.

50c All-wool Armure Hop Sacking at 37½c.
Colors are navy blues, green and black, dyed and finished for service, crisp and unerushable, used for every purpose for which a storm serge is.

50c Fancy Armure at 37½c.
Two colors. These are exact copies of goods retailing at $1.25 and $1.50 the yard, and come in a great variety of pleasing color combinations.

75c French Suitings at 37½c.
Two-toned Checks in dark pleasing combinations of contrasting colors, in weights suitable for present wear.

75c Storm Serges at 50c.
Long tried and and found to be right for holding color and retaining its springy unerushableness, in navy blue and black. 44 inches.

$1 French Sail Cloth at 50c.
Cheviot, in all the proper Autumn colorings, such as browns, greens, garnets, prunes and navy blues. 45 inches, Suitable to wear from September to May.

$1.25 Shark Skin at 75c.
Navy blue and black. As a fabric for hard service this will meet every requirement. Built in the most substantial manner of best wool, dyed and finished to retain original bloom and crispness.

$1.25 French Armure Cords at 75c.
Rep-like weave, with small armure woven in the cords; built for service; complete range of dark colors. 46 inches.

$1.50 French Bengaline at 75c.
Prominent bayadere cords of satiny finish. When correctly made is a stylish gown; in all the asked for colorings. 45 inches.

$1.50 Camel's-Hair at 75c.
Soft to the touch, and with the natural-colored Camel's-Hair scattered through the stuff. 45 in.

Black Dress Goods

No exception, they are all on the new price basis—these Black Dress Stuffs. Dainty and sturdy weaves—staple all-the-year-round kinds. No exception. This little list gives but a hint of the variety.

Plain Surface Black Stuffs.

50c All-wool Hop Sacking at 37½c.	36 in.
75 All-wool Sail Cloth at 60c.	44 in.
$1.25 All-wool Shark Cloth at 75c.	48 in.
$1.00 All-wool Henrietta at 75c.	45 in.
$1.25 Fine French Serge at $1	50 in.
$1.25 Fine Worsted Serge at $1.	56 in.
$2.00 Armure Worsted at $1.25.	50 in.
$1.50 All-wool Bengaline $1.	42 in.
$1.50 Corkscrew Diagonal at $1.	42 in.

Wool and Silk

Figured Black Stuffs.

$1.00 Silk Figured Tamise at 75c.	42 in.
$1.00 Nub-notted Batiste at 75c.	42 in.
$1.50 Mohair Figured Prunelle at $1. Four designs.	42 in.
$1.50 Figured Dice Armure at $1.	42 in.
$1.50 Fancy Figured Bengaline at $1.	40 in.
$1.25 Embroidered Crepons at $1.	42 in.
$2.00 Silk Embroidered Diagonal at $1.25.	40 in.

10c Flannelettes at 5c

Striped and checked. A new lot, 15 styles, mostly light colors—among them baby blue and white, and pink and white pin stripes.

Are The Furs to be Fixed?

Altered, re-dyed, repaired—anything? Cheaper to have it done now than when the rush comes.

Estimates made, goods called for and returned when you say—not till cold weather if you please.

Engraving and Stationary

"How good" as well as "How much lower" is the all-the-time cry in the Engraving we do. Busiest Summer our engravers have ever had. We mean to go right on—Wedding Invitations like this:

First 100 sets Invitations, Crane's best and whitest white paper,

at $7.50.

Specimens for the asking.

John Wanamaker.

—A town in Berks county is said to be supported by the licenses from its three hotels, no tax having been levied within four years.

Miscellaneous

Orphans' Court Sale
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

PURSUANT TO AN ORDER OF THE ORPHANS' COURT,
Will be sold at Public Sale on

Saturday, September 29th, 1894

At 2 o'clock P. M.

On the premises, the following described property of the estate JOHN SWEENEY, late of the Borough of Bristol, deceased, to wit:

A certain Messuage and Lot of Land, situate in the Borough of Bristol, bounded and described as follows: Beginning on the Easterly side of Lake street distant 185.81 feet from the Northeasterly side of Race street; thence extending easterly along the line of land of Henry M. Wright, deceased, at right angles with Lake street, 105 feet to an alley; thence Northwardly along said alley parallel with Lake street, 20 feet to land of Letitia Lyon, thence Westwardly along the same at right angles with the aforesaid alley, 105 feet to Lake street aforesaid, and thence along the same Southwardly, 20 feet to the place of beginning.

The improvements consist of a two and one-half frame dwelling, containing five rooms, and the sale offers a desirable opportunity to any one wishing to secure a small and convenient home.

Terms of Sale—$50 cash, balance on or before the 1st of November, A. D. 1894. Other conditions made known at time of sale by

A. WEIR GILKESON,
Administrator of John Sweeney, deceased
EDW. N. BOOZ, Auct.

Notice of Application for Charter.

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF THE COUNTY OF BUCKS.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Honorable Harman Yerkes, President Judge of said Court, on Monday, the 17th day of September, A. D., 1894, at 2 o'clock, P. M., under the "Corporation Act of one thousand eight hundred and seventy-four," and the supplements thereto, by Giovanni Fusco, Angelo Nicoli, Angelo Spinelli, Michael Ricciardi and Angelo Cammarato, for the charter of an incorporated corporation to be called "The Italian Mutual Beneficial Association," the character and object of which is to benefit and protect its members from funds collected therein, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by the said Act and its supplements. The certificate of incorporation is now on file in the Prothonotary's office.

GILKESON & WRIGHT,
Aug 23-4t Solicitors.

Notice of Application for Charter.

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF THE COUNTY OF BUCKS.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Honorable Harman Yerkes, President Judge of said Court, on Monday, the seventeenth day of September, A. D., 1894, at 2 o'clock, P. M., under the "Corporation Act of one thousand eight hundred and seventy four," and the supplements thereto, by Ferdinand Seneca, Angelo Spinelli, Dominico Peters, Stanislano Paglione and Cosmos Mingo Bua, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "The Independent Italian Beneficial Society of Bristol," the character and object of which is to benefit and protect its members from funds collected therein, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by the said Act and its supplements. The certificate of incorporation is now on file in the Prothonotary's office.

GILKESON & WRIGHT,
Aug 23-4t Solicitors.

An Ordinance

Respecting the election of a Chief Engineer and an Assistant Engineer of the Borough Fire Department; defining the authority and duties of the same, and providing for the preservation of order at the time of fires.

Now, therefore, the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol do ordain:

SECTION 1. That whenever the Burgess and Council aforesaid, at any regular meeting, shall receive official notification in writing that the Fire Companies of the borough, now incorporated or that may hereafter be incorporated, have, in joint convention under rules and regulations mutually agreed upon between said Fire Companies, chosen one person to be Chief Engineer and one person to be Assistant Engineer of the Borough Fire Department, said notification shall be entered at length upon the journal of Council, and the persons of whose election notice shall have been received as aforesaid shall serve in the respective positions for one year from the date of receipt of said notice, or until official notification shall be received of the election of their successors.

SEC. 2. The said Chief Engineer, or in his absence the Assistant Engineer, shall have control over all fire apparatus in use at any fire, and also control and government over the members of all the Fire Companies within the said Borough while in service at any fire, and shall and may for any insubordination upon the part of any fireman at any fire, impose a fine not exceeding Twenty-five Dollars, subject to the consent of the majority of the members of the Fire Committee of the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol, upon such offender. The amounts of said fine when so imposed is to be deducted from the regular annual appropriation made by the Burgess and Council aforesaid to the company of which such offender is a member.

SEC. 3. The said Chief Engineer, Assistant Engineer and the Borough policemen are hereby authorized to exclude from all interference with the regularly organized Fire Companies in service at any fire any and all persons not members thereof, except the owners, agents or occupants of the property in the immediate neighborhood of such fire, and they and each of them are hereby authorized to take into custody any and all person or persons persisting in such interference, and they or any of them are hereby authorized to rope off a sufficient space in front of or around any property so as to permit the firemen to work at any fire to the best advantage.

SEC. 4. Any person or persons interfering with the ropes or refusing to leave the enclosed space at any fire when ordered so to do, or who shall refuse to obey the orders of the Chief Engineer or Assistant Engineer, shall forfeit and pay a sum not exceeding One Hundred Dollars, to be sued for and recovered before any Justice of the Peace in the same manner that debts not exceeding one hundred dollars are by law recoverable, and when so recovered shall be forthwith paid to the Treasurer of the said Borough for the use of the Corporation, and in default of payment of the said sum and costs the said person or persons upon whom the same is imposed shall be confined in the Borough Lock-up for a term not exceeding forty-eight hours.

SEC. 5 It shall be the duty of the Chief Engineer on the second Monday of March in each year to make a written report to the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol of all fires occurring within the said Borough, giving, if possible, the origin thereof; the amount of property destroyed; and the amount of insurance, if any; also a full statement of the compensation of each of the Fire Companies at the end of each year. He shall also report promptly to the Fire Committee of the Burgess and Council aforesaid any member of any of the Fire Companies who may have disobeyed his orders or violated any of the rules adopted by the Fire Companies for their government.

SEC 6. That the Burgess and Council aforesaid, upon the recommendation of the Police Committee, for the purpose of enclosing and keeping enclosed the place at which a fire takes place with ropes, appoint eight men of the said Borough, who shall be duly sworn or affirmed before the Burgess to do duty as police officers at all fires, to attend to roping off such enclosed space, and which said men when so appointed shall and they are hereby invested with all the power and authority now vested in the regular police officers of the Borough, and that each of the men so appointed shall receive as his compensation for such services the sum of One Dollar for each fire attended by him, to be paid after being duly approved by the Police Committee.

SEC. 7. That there shall be paid to the Chief Engineer the sum of Eighty Dollars per annum as salary, and to the Assistant Engineer the sum of Forty Dollars per annum as salary, after being duly approved by the Fire Committee of Council.

SEC. 8. That each and every Fire Company shall cause to be worn by its members during the time of fire (if said members be not equipped in the uniforms of their company) a badge made of metal with the number of company thereon; that the Chief Engineer and Assistant Engineer shall be designated by a metallic badge, containing the words Chief Engineer and Assistant Engineer, said badges to be the property of the Borough.

Enacted into an Ordinance at the Council Chamber at the Borough of Bristol, the 30th day of August, A. D. 1894.

THOMAS B. HARKINS, Burgess.
Attest—J. WESLEY WRIGHT, Clerk.

SAMUEL W. BLACK,

DEALER IN

FINE ÷ GROCERIES!

FRUITS
AND PROVISIONS.

TEAS and COFFEES a Specialty.

Goods Delivered Promptly.

YOUR TRADE SOLICITED.

COR. OF RADCLIFFE & MILL STS
BRISTOL, PA.

Miscellaneous

$5, $10 and $20 Genuine Confederate Bills only five cents each, $100 and $50 bills ten cents each. 25 and 50 cent shinplasters ten cents each $1 and $2 bills 25 cents each. Sent securely sealed on receipt of price. Address, CHAS. B. BARKER, West Atlanta, Ga.

FOR ASSEMBLY, (Upper District,)
Henry S. Funk,
OF EAST SPRINGFIELD.
Subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention.

FOR ASSEMBLY, (Middle District,)
Harry Wilkinson,
OF SOLEBURY TOWNSHIP.
Subject to Republican rules.

FOR ASSEMBLY, (Lower District,)
Thos. P. Chambers,
OF NEWTOWN TOWNSHIP,
Subject to the Republican Nominating Committee.

FOR ASSEMBLY, (Lower District,)
Charles G. Fetterolf,
OF LANGHORNE.
Subject to the decision of the Republican Convention.

Cast Iron Posts

Suitable for Hitching Posts For sale cheap by T. B HARKINS FOUNDRY CO.

Wanted.

ON FIRST MORTGAGE AT 5 PER CENT. a year, $1,500 Also, $1,600 Apply to G. W ADAMS Agent 412 Walnut St., Bristol, Pa.

For Rent

ONE OR TWO ROOMS, WITH OR WITHout power Apply to S. B ARDREY & SONS, Pond Street.

For Sale or Rent.

BRICK HOUSE, 211 JEFFERSON AVENUE, 9 rooms, all modern conveniences, hot and cold water and bath, Apply to C. A. WILSON, 5-31 tf 212 Jefferson Avenue.

For Sale or Rent.

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Miscellaneous

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Dr. M. W. FELLMAN,

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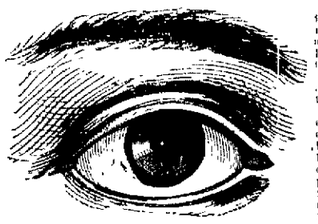
LADIES ENTRANCE

He will treat all Diseases of the Eye, and Correct Defective Vision.



Recognizing the fact that in many cases there is no person who understands the measurement of the sight and adjustment of glasses to all the details thereof, have arranged that M. W. FELLMAN, M. D., shall make frequent visits to your town.

Heretofore, to obtain anything like correct adjustment of glasses, the people were obliged to waste time and money by going to Opticians.

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Estate of JAMES M. BRUDON, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same will present them without delay, in proper order for settlement, to

EDWARD C. BRUDON,
CHARLES BRUDON,
Executors.

GILKESON & WRIGHT, Attorneys

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of SAMUEL S. RUE, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks Co., Pa.

LETTERS testamentary on above Estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same, without delay, to

SARAH A. HALL
EVA DOWNING,
HARVEY S. RUE,
Administrators.

Or GILKESON & WRIGHT, Attorneys.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of EMMA L. SCOTT, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, deceased

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GILKESON & WRIGHT, Administrator
Attorneys.

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Executor

Or his Attorney, JOHN C. STUCKERT.

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I am now cutting the first of this year's crop of Roses and Carnations.

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The Bucks County Gazette.

Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1894.

THE STUDY OF LICHENS.

A Delightful Branch of Science With Which to Become Acquainted.

They are a difficult branch to study, for the descriptions are shrouded in a mysterious language that needs an unabridged dictionary to translate it, and a good microscope is necessary if one wishes to examine their internal structure and spores. But they are a delightful and easy branch of science to become acquainted with by observation.

They are to be found all the year round on stones and fence rails and on trees. They are easy to mount and are so fascinatingly ugly or beautiful that they make an interesting collection. In almost any wild bit of country there are from 50 to 70 kinds to be found, and even in the most civilized place, at one's own hearth, there are sure to be seven or eight species growing on the sticks of wood laid for the fire. They are so like and yet unlike that they sharpen the powers of comparison and observation until one feels that the keen bladed knife and pocket lens, which are constant companions in a lichen ramble, are dull compared with one's own bright mind.

Lichens—and, by the way, they are pronounced li-kens, not litch-ens—grow in three ways, which can be easily distinguished at a glance. There are crustaceous lichens that grow close to a stone or bark and have no leafy part, but are simply a few warts or dots or a stain. There are foliaceous lichens that lie flat. They are green or brown or yellow leathery plants that are something like leaves, and that have brown or red or pink disks on them, and there are fruticose lichens that grow upright like little shrubby bushes, with bright colored knobs.

Go to any birch tree, and there will be seen within a stained circle some curious little black marks like elfin hieroglyphs. They are the fruit spots of a common lichen called, very appropriately, Graphis scripta. Almost any tree one visits will have some irregular circular stains upon it, especially if the bark is quite smooth, and in the center there will be some brown or black or white specks. It is easy to collect such crustaceous lichens by slicing off a thin strip of the bark, large enough to show the outline of the stain, and by writing the name of the tree from which it was taken on the bark, but it is quite a different matter when one sits down beside a bowlder.—New York Independent.

SENATOR VANCE MET THE ISSUE.

But the Reporter Failed to Get a Big "Scoop" All the Same.

"I once had an experience," said an old newspaper man at the Press club to a reporter, "with the late Senator Vance which I shall never forget. It was during Crisp's first contest for the speakership, and, as you all probably remember, every newspaper man in town was hustling for inside news. The sources of this, as usual in such cases, were very few, and Senator Vance, who was acting in the capacity of an advisor to the nominating caucus, had to spend most of his time dodging journalists.

"So wary did he become that he discontinued taking his lunch in the senate restaurant and had it served in a committee room. One day, however, I caught a glimpse of him passing through one of the lower corridors on the house side. Determined not to let him escape me, I at once hastened forward, and in the most innocent manner possible began asking him about his health, which was rather bad at the time. He answered all my questions in the kindest manner possible and was about to leave when I said:

"'Oh, by the way, senator, who do you think will get the nomination?'

"'I don't know exactly,' he replied, 'but they will have to fight if they want to win.'

"Certain now of my information, I began to see the letter I was going to receive from the home office, after they had published my big scoop, telling me in the most flattering terms that the paper had decided to raise my salary on account of my good work.

"'Which side, senator?' I asked, almost in a whisper for fear some one would be lurking in the dark recesses and hear the reply which was to make me the most noted hustler for news in the ranks of journalism.

"'Both sides,' he replied as he disappeared in the door of a committee room.

"And the letter that I looked for never came."—Washington Times.

Generalship.

"The Clantys does be slow returning what they borry," said Mrs. Dolan.

"Yis," replied Mrs. Rafferty. "Oi niver forgit the throuble Oi had gettin back the flatoirons Oi lint 'em wanst out o' the koindness av me heart."

"An how did yez git 'em?"

"Oi sint my b'y Teddy to holler out that the Clantys wouldn't be in this country on'y St. Patrick chased the snakes out av Oireland. Thin the oirons com over the back fince fasht enough. All Tiddy had to do wor to dodge 'em."—Washington Star.

The Mexican Agave.

The Mexican agave is a vegetable growth used in making an intoxicating wine. According to a tradition of the country, it was the first plant God made. Another species of the agave is used for the same purpose as soap, its leaves when broken and rubbed together producing a cleansing lather. It is also employed in poisoning fish to be eaten, this poison, like so many others, having no effect upon the person who eats the fish.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Thirty Miles In the Earth.

Rev. Osmond Fisher, in a very reliable work entitled "Physics of the Earth's Crust," says that "the rate of increase in temperature as the distance beneath the surface is augmented is, on the whole, an equable one and may be taken to average about a degree for each 51 feet." Figuring on this statement as the most reliable, we find that at a depth of 80 miles below the surface all known metals and rocks are in a state of white hot fusion.

Napoleon's Poison.

A curious detail of Napoleon Bonaparte's costume was the religious care with which he kept hung around his neck the little leather envelope, shaped like a heart, which contained poison that was to liberate him in case of irretrievable reverses of fortune. This poison was prepared after a recipe that Cabanais had given to Corvisart, and after the year 1808 the emperor never undertook a campaign without having his little packet of poison.

Washington's second inaugural address contained but 134 words. Lincoln used the personal pronoun "I" 48 times in his first and only once in his second.

MAGIC EXPLAINED.

THE STAR TRICKS OF HINDOO CONJURERS MADE EASY.

The Mango Trick Explained by Kellar, the Magician—It Is the Same Which Globe Trotter Stevens Claims Is Miraculously Performed by Yogi Men.

The sleight of hand performances of Mr. Maskelyne, a remarkably clever juggler, have excited a great deal of interest in London. Not only are his tricks skillfully done, but his explanations of other tricks have attracted much attention among a class of men who seldom visit the halls where feats of this sort are presented.

The Mail and Express recently published an article from the London Spectator in which the writer describes one or two tricks which he saw in India and which mystified him greatly. Here is one, which, by the way, is described by Thomas Stevens, the globe trotter, who says that the Yogi men, who perform it, are aided by an occult force that the world is as yet ignorant of.

A juggler placed a cloth over the pavement of the street, and presently he removed it, and there was a mango growing between the stones. "The juggler" adds the writer, "one of the hereditary caste, did undoubtedly make a leaf spring out of the ground; did make it grow into a dwarf mango, and did hand the mango from it to be eaten. It looked wonderful because of the apparent simplicity of the juggler, but he performed his feat in four processes, and between each he shook out his shadder, or muslin wrapper, so that it passed for an instant between the spectators and the plant. The writer had no doubt then and has no doubt now that this was done not to conceal anything, but to distract attention momentarily, that the first leaf, the upgrowth of leaves, the dwarf mango and the mango on it were all of wax or other carefully made imitation, and that the whole miracle was marvelously rapid sleight of hand."

To Americans who are interested in this sort of thing this mystery is almost amusing. It was exposed several years ago by Kellar, the prestidigitateur. Four or five years ago Kellar publicly offered $1,000 to any one who would perform a trick which he could not duplicate and which he could not prove to be done by wholly human aids. A number of persons who had recently visited India immediately deluged him with descriptions of this and other specimens of oriental jugglery. Of course as they could not perform the trick themselves they did not compete for his money offer, and therefore they were not publicly answered.

Kellar, however, gave me personally a full explanation not only of these tricks, but of several others which have long baffled the cleverest of the occidental investigators. The magician has spent more than 15 years of his professional life in India and the far east, and he has closely studied the tricks of the native jugglers with more or less profit to himself. This is how he explained the mango or pineapple trick as nearly as I can recall it:

"The first time I saw the mango trick," said he, "was in Bombay in 1879 or thereabouts, and the man who did it was the most skillful conjurer I ever saw in India. Even after I had learned the secret of his illusion I could not help admiring its ingenuity and the dexterity with which it was performed. The juggler and his two comrades chose a spot before the Prince of Wales' statue on the plaza. He first laid down a bag on the hard ground and then drew from it a large bandanna handkerchief. Digging a small hole in the ground with one finger, he buried a pineapple seed, and over this he placed his handkerchief. He carefully smoothed out the cloth, rubbing swiftly from left to right After this maneuver was ended he made several passes with his arms over the handkerchief, while his comrades beat industriously upon their drums and blew upon their pipes.

"Suddenly, to my surprise, I saw the handkerchief begin to slowly rise in the center and gently sway from side to side as though a plant were really sprouting to life from the seed which he had planted beneath the cloth. When the handkerchief had risen like a tent to a height of about 12 inches, the conjurer stopped his incantations and cautiously lifted up the left hand corner of the cover and peered beneath it. Then, plunging both hands underneath to the accompaniment of loud and discordant music, he threw aside the cloth and showed a full grown pineapple plant.

"This is the way he did the trick, as he afterward admitted to me:

"In smoothing out the cloth he reached into the bag, the mouth of which was conveniently placed near the handkerchief, and whisked out a hooded cobra snake. The moment the reptile was laid down it began to coil. That made the handkerchief rise. When it had reached its full height, its angry hissing meanwhile being drowned by the music of the assistants, the performer looked under the cloth, taking care to draw the corner close to the mouth of the bag. Then he adroitly whisked out a hollow pineapple from the bag underneath the cloth. It was now the work of a minute only to force the snake into the apple, close the aperture, and the trick was done."—Benjamin Northrup in New York Mail and Express.

Lace and Brocade.

If you have any treasured short lengths of old brocade, you may produce them now and make the fronts of one of the long Louis Seize waistcoats of them. And if you are happy enough to possess old lace you can make them up en jabot to wear with the same. It is to mount the lace on bands of muslin, keeping the folds quite soft and using as few stitches as possible. In this way the tender susceptibilities of the fabric are spared, and when the jabot fashion is over and done with the lace remains to be used in some other way.—Fashion Journal.

Collecting Astor House Rents.

Possibly it is not generally known that the Astor House block has two owners, whose relations are strained, to say the least—John Jacob Astor and William Waldorf Astor. Although the rent of the hotel itself is necessarily paid in a single check, that of the stores and offices at one end of the building is collected by the representative of one Astor, while the revenue from the other end is garnered by the representative of the other.—National Hotel Reporter.

Unjust Discrimination.

Officer Phaneygan—It's thin you're lookin, Mike.

Officer O'Morphy—'Tis the fault of the chief, be hanged to 'im.

Officer Phaneygan—How's that?

Officer O'Morphy—Shure, an he put me on a beat with never a fruitstand on it, the discriminating blaggard!—Chicago Record.

San Diego is the oldest city in California, and the ruins of the mission of 1769 are still preserved.

TO BE A BRAKEMAN.

I want to be a brakeman,
Doggone!
Logs hangin over the edge of a flat car,
Train goin 'bout twenty-five mile'n hour,
Lickin the dog fennel 'long the track—
That's what a brakeman does.

I want to be a brakeman,
I jing!
Makin the boys git off the platform,
Cussin the draysman if the skids is lost,
Hollers, "Back 'er a length," and the engineer has to—
That's a brakeman for ye!

No conductor for me, just a brakeman,
By hen!
Can make a couplin on dead run.
Has spring bottom pants 'n braid on his clothes,
Carries a lantern at night 'n cap over his ears—
That's a brakeman, I'll tell ye!

I want to be a brakeman,
Geominently!
Stand in with the agents and op'rators,
Gits to Peru every night 'n sees the show,
Knows the number of the trains, chaws terbacker—
He's a regular one, you bet!

'N I want to be head brakeman,
Gol-lee!
Twistin 'er hard, smoke rolling round ye,
Country people stoppin work to look,
Girls wavin at ye all the way to Peru.
I'll be one, too, some day.
—Chicago Record.

NEW CURE FOR DIPHTHERIA.

European Hospitals Practicing a Method of Blood Inoculation.

So many thousands of children are annually carried off by diphtheria, the sufferings caused by the disease are so agonizing and the remedies hitherto at the disposal of the medical profession so inadequate that the news of the introduction into the Berlin and London hospitals of a new and efficacious cure for this fell malady cannot be regarded otherwise than as a matter of public interest.

Very little has been heard about this remedy, owing to the fact that the distinguished bacteriologists engaged in its discovery have been unwilling to subject themselves to the same disadvantage as Dr. Koch, whose cure for consumption has been unjustly proclaimed a failure merely because it was published to the world prematurely and before it was ready for medical application. The new cure, briefly speaking, is one of inoculation, with this difference—that, instead of injecting the poison into the system of the patient, one injects the blood of an animal which has been inoculated with a weak culture of the diphtheria bacteria, the virus of the latter being, however, of so weak a character that it does not affect the animal with the malady, but merely renders it immune thereto.

Repeated experiments made of late have shown that a few drops of blood from a horse or any other animal thus rendered immune injected into a human being suffering from diphtheria are sufficient to arrest and cure the disease. Of course it is too soon as yet to quote the statistics of the few hundreds of cures which have been effected in Berlin and London by this treatment, which is to be fully discussed in all its complicated scientific aspects at the forthcoming international congress of hygiene in September at Budapest. But, whatever the ultimate result of its application, it has at least one advantage over all other forms of inoculation hitherto discovered—namely, that the matter injected into the system of the patient is free from poison and consequently harmless.—New York Tribune.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

Getting the Obelisk Aboard Ship a Pretty Piece of Engineering.

"One of the pleasantest recollections I have to look back on," said Adam Johnson, "is the fact that I was one of the party that helped to run up the American colors over Cleopatra's needle when it was being taken down to be carried to New York. Our vessel was out in the Mediterranean with a roving commission, and we were at Alexandria at the time the obelisk was being moved. The big stone had been presented by the Egyptian government to this country, but the people were wild about having it moved. We had to place a guard around the men who were working on the shaft, and even then there was almost a riot.

"But that was one of the prettiest pieces of engineering work I have ever seen. The engineers who were moving our shaft had a couple of big wooden cases built that fitted around the needle like the pieces of wood around the lead in a pencil. There were a couple of projectiles on each side of the casings just on the center of gravity in the shaft, like the trunnions on a cannon. Under these they put lifting jacks and just picked that immense stone off its pedestal, swung it around horizontal and then lowered it as gently as could be on a long sliding way, with cannon balls under it for rollers. They had a square hole cut in the stern of the steamship and slid it into the hull through that and replaced the sheathing outside.

"Under the shaft in the inside of the pedestal there were a lot of bronze toads and ornaments and the Lord knows what not that the Masons claimed were placed there by some of their progenitors eons ago. I don't know anything about that, though, and you can leave it or take it, as you choose.

"The British were not half so slick with the obelisk they carried over to England. They cased it up in a big sheet iron arrangement like a boiler, riveted it in and floated the whole thing off through a trench dug in the sand down to the water. Then they rigged jury sails on it and towed it over to England, but they lost three or four men off it before they got it in port and had all sorts of a time generally.

"A couple of years afterward I saw the British obelisk set up on the east bank of the Thames, and when I came home the first thing I went to see was ours in Central park."—Washington Post.

Gold Lined Cups Not In It.

A tall young man, with a pretty young woman, sauntered across Independence square yesterday afternoon when Old Sol was at his hottest. When they came to the ice water fountain, the young woman stopped and picked up one of the tin cups, and scanning it ruefully shook her head at her companion and laid it quickly down again. The next thing was to slip off a small suede glove, and placing the pretty hand it fitted under the stream she filled its palm with water and drank from it three times. And the next thing was to see the young man bend over the same palm while he held her wrist to balance the novel cup, and five times it took to satisfy him, and right willingly did the pretty young woman fill it and place it to his lips. Both actors were perfectly unconcerned, and after the young man had dried the young woman's hand in his pocket handkerchief they sauntered in a down town direction.—Philadelphia Record.

Knowledge will not be acquired without pains and application. It is troublesome and deep digging for pure waters, but when once you come to the spring they rise up and meet you.

THE PIONEER PAPER.

STORY OF THE FIRST NEWSPAPER ISSUED IN CALIFORNIA.

An Old Philadelphian Was the Mainspring of Its Early Life—Rigging Up a Plant Under Great Difficulties—A Member of the Original Staff Honored In Monterey.

The only living member of the original staff of the first newspaper ever printed in California resides about five miles from the city of Monterey, in the Carmel valley. His name is Swan, and every one calls him "Pioneer" Swan, partly to please him and partly because he deserves the title. Few men are interesting at 86, but "Pioneer" is still bright and clear in his memory and not entirely without ambition. If you ask him, he will tell you, with evident relish, about some highly interesting interviews of his reportorial days.

The small beginnings of this first newspaper in California are quite curious as related by Swan. The original press was imported from Spain by Jose Figueroa, the sixth governor of California under Mexican rule. Figueroa, whose term of office expired in 1835, imported the press with the intention of printing his official reports. His gubernatorial career, however, was brief and stormy, and he never found time to collect his materials, much less print his reports, so the machine was consigned to a storeroom in the old quartel, which was the Mexican soldiers' barracks in Monterey. There it lay, together with a keg of ink, covered with rubbish and undisturbed, until 1846.

This was the year when Colton became alcalde, and with the characteristic American restlessness commenced to stir things up in the sleepy old town. The first thing that he did was to commence an investigation of all the government property. Among this property was the cuartel, and here he found the old press. Being a man of literary tastes and some experience, he decided to start a newspaper and utilize his discovery. First, he selected a partner, Robert Semple, and then began a search for the requisite materials. There were ink and press, but the ingenuity of the pair was taxed to restore the rules and leads, which had become separated from the press and lost during its years of idleness.

In Colton's diary there is a description of the paper. Under the date of Aug. 15, 1846, he writes: "Today the first newspaper ever published in California made its appearance. The honor, if such it may be, of writing the prospectus falls to me. It is to be issued every Saturday and is published by Semple & Colton.

"Little did I think when I relinquished the editorship of The North American, in Philadelphia, that my next feat in this line would be off here in California.

"My partner, Semple, is an emigrant from Kentucky, who stands 6 feet 8 inches in his stockings. He wears a buckskin dress, a foxskin cap, is true with his rifle, ready with his pen and quick at the type case.

"He created the materials of our office out of a chaos of a small concern which Jose Figueroa intended to use in printing official reports.

"The press is old enough to be preserved as a curiosity. The mice had burrowed in the balls, there were no rules nor leads, and the types were rusty and all in pi. It was only by scouring that the letters could be made to show their faces. With a jackknife we cut a piece of tin into leads and rules. Luckily we found with the press part of a keg of ink, and now came the main scratch for paper. None could be found, except what is used to envelop the tobacco used by the natives. A coaster which was lying in the bay had a small amount on board, which we procured. The sheets were a trifle larger than foolscap. A crowd was waiting when the first sheet was thrown from the press. There was a good deal of excitement. Never was a bank run upon harder, not, however, by people with paper to get specie, but just the reverse."

The paper was first printed half in English and half in Spanish to accommodate the Monterey public. Another difficulty the original proprietors had to overcome in setting the type for the English portion of the paper was the lack of the letter "W," as the Spanish type did not contain it. A "W" was constructed by using two "V's." In May, 1847, the paper was moved to San Francisco, where it was published for many years under the name of The Alta California.

Since ending his newspaper career "Pioneer" Swan has been a rancher in a small way in Carmel valley. He has many visitors, although his location is somewhat remote, and he is very deaf. On his quarterly visits to Monterey he is invariably the recipient of considerable attention, and his rusty old hat, with its staring inscription of "Pioneer, 1843," makes him known to easterners who, but for this, would see nothing in him except a healthy looking old man.—San Francisco Call.

Embarrassing.

There are many little embarrassments encountered by the professional stroller for which there seems to be no law, either of compensation or amelioration. For instance, take the meeting of the same person over and over again on an afternoon's travels. First time you are overjoyed at the encounter and find plenty to talk about. Fifteen minutes later you meet again, and the interview is a trifle less spicy. Still later you grasp hands for the third time and don know what in "Sam Hill" to talk about. The next time you meet you bow coldly and pass on, but the last time of all you dash down a side street as though trying to elude the hand of Providence.—Cincinnati Herald.

Ammunition In Africa.

"All of the native Uganda soldiers, I notice, had well filled cartridge belts round their waists. In my innocence, as I thought of all the thunders of the general act of the Brussels conference and all the ordinances, enactments and regulations which had been published thereafter by different powers having possessions on the African coast, I wondered how, in the very center of Africa, these people were enabled to keep their belts so well replenished with cartridges of different and of the most modern patterns.

"I had not been a month in the country before I learnd that, for those who had the wherewithal to trade, guns, powder, lead and all the instruments of destruction thereunto appertaining could be as easily purchased in Uganda as in Pall Mall."—"The British Mission in Uganda, 1893," Rennell Rodd.

To brine butter take a pound of granulated sugar, a tablespoonful of saltpeter and 3 gallons of brine strong enough to bear an egg. Boil the brine and strain when cool. The butter should be wrapped in cloth before placing in the brine.

FAREWELL.

Farewell. We two shall still meet day by day,
Live side by side,
But nevermore shall heart respond to heart.
Two stranger boats can drift adown one tide,
Two branches on one stem grow green apart.
Farewell, I say.

Farewell. Chance travelers, as the path they tread,
Change words and smile
And share their travelers' fortunes friend with friend.
And yet are foreign in their thoughts the while,
Several, alone, save that one way they wend.
Farewell. 'Tis said.

Farewell. Ever the bitter asphodel
Outlives love's rose.
The fruit and blossom of the dead for us.
Ah, answer me, should this have been the close—
To be together and to be sundered thus?
But yet farewell.
—Augusta Webster.

BESSEMER ON BESSEMER STEEL.

Marvelous Quickness In Converting Cast Iron Into the Hardened Metal.

In The Engineering Review Sir Henry Bessemer has an article on the steel industry which bears his name. He reminds us that a third of a century ago Sheffield steel made from the costly bar iron of Sweden realized from £50 to £60 a ton. Now, by the Bessemer process, steel of excellent quality can be made direct from crude pig iron at a cost ridiculously small compared with former prices and in quantities which the old steel workers never dreamed of dealing with at one operation.

In lieu of the slow and expensive process of converting wrought iron bars into crude or blister steel by 10 days' exposure at a very high temperature to the action of carbon, cast iron worth only £3 a ton is, Sir Henry says, converted into Bessemer cast steel in 30 minutes wholly without skilled manipulation or the employment of fuel, and while still maintaining its initial heat it can at once be rolled into railway bars or other required forms.

The article gives a vivid picture of all that has been brought about by this revolution in a manufacture in which up to our own time there had been no change since blades of matchless temper were wrought in the forges of Damascus and Toledo. Steel is now adapted to a thousand purposes of which our ancestors had no conception.

By way of giving some idea of the enormous production of Bessemer steel now, Sir Henry asks us to imagine a wall 5 feet in thickness and 20 feet high, like a gigantic armor plate formed into a circle and made to surround London. The inclosure so made would extend to Watford on the north side, to Croydon on the south, to Woolwich on the east and to Richmond on the west. It would contain an area of 795 square miles, and this great wall of London, weighing 10,500,000 tons, would just be equal to one year's production of Bessemer steel.

Oratory and Wit.

"A curious thing about political oratory and wit is the side light I got upon one aspect of it years ago in Buffalo." Thus Mr. Cleveland is quoted by a listener. "One morning a quaint looking old chap came into my office and said that he had read in the newspapers that I was to speak at a mass meeting the following night and wanted to know if it were true. When I told him that it was so, he revealed to me a new method of gaining oratorical distinction. He volunteered to interrupt my speech at stated intervals with a remark that should be agreed upon between us. To this interjection I was to retort wittily, and thus, as the old fellow pointed out, I would acquire a reputation as a witty speaker.

"My first impression was that he was amusing himself at my expense, but he repeated to me several things I could reply to wittily and wanted me to pay him roundly for helping me to a reputation. But I told him I was indifferent to that kind of fame, and he went away disappointed. Not very long after that I was seated on a stage listening to a speaker, when who should arise in the audience but my quaint visitor and bawl out one of the very things he wanted me to pay him for interrupting me with. The orator answered him with the same retort that I was offered the privilege of making, and the audience exploded into laughter, and I heartily joined in, but my amusement had not the same foundation, I fancy, as that of the rest of the laughers. And during the rest of the evening the old fellow made an occasional interruption from different parts of the house, and the retorts were of the same manufactured sort. I am a trifle skeptical now on the subject of witty retorts."—Cincinnati Commercial.

TRAGEDIES ON TOMBSTONES.

English Churchyards and Their Deeply Graven Accusations of Murder.

In the churchyards of Britain several tombstones exist with the accusations of murder deeply engraved upon them. A stone over the grave of three children in Merrington (Durham) churchyard bears the following inscription:

Sleeping we were slain,
And here we sleep till we must rise again.

In Sandridge churchyard, Surrey, on the tombstone of a custom house officer who was shot in an encounter with smugglers is the following:

Thou shalt do no murder, nor shalt thou steal
Are the commands Jehovah did reveal.
But thou, O wretch, without fear or dread
Of thy tremendous Maker, shot me dead.

On a stone in Cadoxton churchyard, Glamorganshire, is inscribed the most fearful accusation of murder to be found on any tomb in Great Britain:

"TO RECORD MURDER.

"This stone was erected over the body of Margaret Williams, aged 26, living in service in this parish, who was found dead with marks of violence upon her in a ditch on a marsh below this churchyard on the morning of Sunday, the 14th July, 1822.

"Although the savage murderer escaped for a season the detection of man, yet God hath set his mark upon him either for time or eternity, and the cry of blood will assuredly pursue him to certain and terrible but righteous judgment."

A tombstone stood in Dulverton churchyard a few years ago on which was inscribed:

Poisoned by the doctor, neglected by the nurse,
The brother robbed the widow, which made the matter worse.

An accusation of murder appears on the tomb of Edwin, the Irish comedian, who was buried in St. Werburgh's churchyard, Dublin, and also on tombs to be found in Acton churchyard, Gloucestershire; Hoo, near Rochester; Little Stukeley, and Mytton, near Clitheroe, Lancashire.—London Tit-Bits.

A Great Problem.

"As we were going home from flying his kite," said Mr. Bozzle, "my young son says to me, 'I know how to fly a kite when there's a good breeze, don't I?' and I say, 'Surely,' but I do not say to him—why should I burden him with such things now?—that anybody can fly a kite when there's a breeze—that the great problem of life is to know how to fly a kite when there isn't any breeze."—New York Sun.

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When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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The Ways and Means Committee.

We suppose there is one in every household. If not, appoint one at once and investigate the gold embossed wall papers that are being sold by the Fidelity Wall Paper Co., of 12 N. 11th St., Phila., at 12 and 15c.

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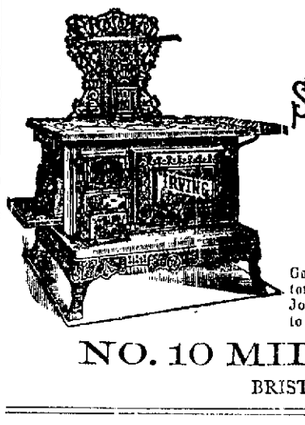

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THE BLIND MAN.

The blind man at his window bars
Stands in the morning dewy dim.
The lily footed dawn, the stars
That wait for it, are naught to him.

And naught to his unseeing eyes
The brownness of a sunny plain,
Where worn and drowsy August lies
And wakens but to sleep again.

And naught to him a greening slope
That yearns up to the heights above,
And naught the leaves of May that ope
As softly as the eyes of love.

And naught to him the branching aisles
Athrong with woodland worshipers,
And naught the fields where summer smiles
Among her sunburned laborers.

The way a trailing streamlet goes,
The barefoot grasses on its brim,
The dew that some flower cup o'erflows
With silent joy, are hid from him.

To him no breath of nature calls.
Upon his desk his work is laid.
He looks up at the dingy walls
And listens to the voice of trade.
—Ethelwyn Wetherald.

THE TUTOR.

"Say fellows, let's get rid of him. We can't stand that sort of a teacher," said Jack Darwin one day last April. "He makes me sick—always preaching, preaching, pre"——

"Let's settle him!" shouted three or four from the outside of the group.

"Aye, aye!" came the answers, and Taffy Douglass, the fat boy, with his slow movements, had just opened his mouth for an "Aye!" when he caught sight of the new tutor looking at the boys with a frown on his face, and so he transferred the intended part of speech into another loud yawn which made the new tutor jump, whereupon all the boys giggled.

"Who is to be 'settled,' Thorn?" the tutor asked of the tall boy who stood nearest him. Thorn colored up to the roots of his hair—he had a very fair complexion and blushed easily, which led to his being called "Rosie" by the others—and stammered:

"I forg—I don't—didn't hear, Mr. Whyland."

"Perhaps you didn't hear the bell ring for you to go back to your class either. What is it, Blake?" demanded the young man, turning to Teddy.

"What, Mr. Whyland?" asked Teddy innocently.

"Who were you going to 'settle' as I came in?"

"Oh, that's only a little way we have of speaking about those Latin translations, sir."

The tutor looked as though he did not believe Teddy's explanation, but he said nothing more about it.

Mr. Whyland was the new assistant at the academy. He had been there only a week, but in that time had managed with his extra rules and hard punishments to make all the boys his enemies. He did not seem to get along with them somehow. Perhaps boarding school boys are hard to get along with. Dr. Arnold, president of the school, had engaged this young man to fill a vacancy on his staff of instructors not because he knew him personally, but because he had taken high honors at graduation, and, too, his mother was an old friend of the doctor's. "He is a very nice fellow with the men," the doctor had told his wife, "but he forgets he ever was a boy. I'll have a little talk with him. He punishes too often, and the boys can't get his big worded explanations through their heads." But Dr. Arnold postponed his little talk too long, for the boys "settled" their tutor first.

That afternoon the third form boys did not make as much noise as usual, and that dear old lady, Mother Arnold, as she was affectionately called, scented mischief as she looked from her window out on the playground. The boys were grouped together, talking and gesticulating violently, and Mother Arnold thought she ought to tell the doctor about it, but he was out, and by the time he came in everything was quiet again. What transpired on the "campus" I'll tell you just as it was said.

"Let's boycott him," suggested Teddy, who hadn't a very well defined idea of what boycotting was.

"Oh, shut up!" growled Ned Turner, a thickset fellow with less than his share of brains. "The only way to fix him is to fight. Take him when he isn't prepared, and two or three of us big fellows will lay him out."

"That's cowardly," said Frank Snow. "Nobody but Turner would think of doing such"——

"Take that back!" shouted Ned, "or I'll show you who's a cow"——

But Frank didn't, because just then Harry Boot, the class beauty, shouted "Hurrah!" at the top of his voice, and every one rushed over to where he and Taffy were seated on the fence to see what was the matter. These two had been separated from the other boys for quite awhile, and as Taffy announced:

"The Beauty has struck it, fellows! We'll force old Why to resign, and I'm going to do the biggest part of it!"

"What?" "How?" "When?" were the questions then asked.

"Be quiet, and I'll tell you," said Harry. "We'll make life disagreeable for him and make him give up teaching us. Don't any of you boys study your lessons tonight, and tomorrow make all the noise you can in class, and at evening session Taffy will do something to astonish you."

"What?" cried Ted.

"Wait and see," drawled Taffy, "only have your rubber erasers and lots of paper balls on hand to use."

That night was very long to the expectant boys, but they were so quiet during evening session that the tutor thought he had commenced to have some control over his charges. But the morning dispelled the illusions he had on this score. Not one in the third form knew his lessons, and, what was worse, they all owned they hadn't studied a bit.

After supper that day, when the gong sounded for all pupils to retire to their respective classrooms, there was a half suppressed excitement among the third form boys. For all Mr. Whyland's commands no one thought of studying.

At last the tutor lost patience.

"I shall have to refer this matter to the doctor," he began.

"Do," said Frank, whose desk was on the opposite side of the room from Taffy.

Now was Taffy's chance. He cautiously mounted his desk, his cheeks bulged out with wind, looking like a full moon. The boys commenced to cheer, and Mr. Whyland turned in time to see Taffy standing on tiptoe on the desk, with his mouth directly over a gas burner. That was all he saw, however, for just then Taffy's mouth opened, and a gust of wind from it swept down the gas burner. Immediately all was darkness, not only in that room, but in the whole building.

Then what an uproar there was! Rubbers and books commenced to fly in the direction of the tutor. Then some one fired an inkstand toward the blackboard. It did not reach its destination. Just then the door opened, and Dr. and Mrs. Arnold, with several of the teachers and older boys, appeared with lights and matches to stop the gas that was escaping from every nameless burner.

"Silence!" roared the old man, and every one fell into the seat nearest to him. "What does this mean, Mr. Whyland?"

But Mr. Whyland didn't answer. He was lying on the floor.

The doctor hurried to him, but found him insensible. There was a deep wound in his head, from which the blood flowed freely.

You could have heard a pin drop any time during the next 15 minutes, the silence was so deep after Mr. Whyland had been carried to his room. Finally Mrs. Arnold returned. She looked worried, and the sight of her face made the culprits feel very uncomfortable.

"Boys," she said, "what does it all mean? Do you know what you have done? The doctor thinks Mr. Whyland will not recover from the blow given him by that inkstand. I do not ask who threw it, but do you realize what has been done?"

"Mother Arnold," said Harry, breaking the silence, "it's my fault. I suggested putting the gas out. I'll take the blame."

"But I did it," said Taffy, two great tears rolling down his cheeks, "and I suggested erasers and spitballs."

"I threw three rubbers and a book," owned Jack.

"And I some beans," said another. "Will he die, Mother Arnold?"

"It is a serious injury," said Mrs. Arnold, "but we will hope for the best. For present punishment you will be closely confined to the house for a week, and the doctor will see you later."

"We don't mind that," said Harry, choking over his words, "if only he doesn't die."

There was very little sleeping done that night at the academy, especially by the third form boys. Only one or two had gone so far as to prepare for bed. The others stood around in awed and silent groups.

After the consultation the doctors pronounced Mr. Whyland to be suffering from a severe attack of brain fever. Never were boys so frightened at what they had done or so repentant. Mr. Whyland's mother was telegraphed for, and late in the afternoon she arrived, accompanied by Bessie, one of her daughters. Of his five sisters, Bessie was her brother's favorite, and the boys didn't wonder, for a lovelier young lady they never had seen. As soon as she arrived the whole school fell in love with her and would do anything that she wished. The third form boys naturally felt a trifle shy after what they had done, but she made friends with one and all.

Lessons were quite neglected in the week that followed, and the boys were quiet as mice. Harry and Taffy made their confession to the young tutor's mother, but where they expected to be blamed they were forgiven. After tedious waiting Mr. Whyland began to recover. He would not let Dr. Arnold expel the boys; said he himself was at fault to make enemies and not friends of the boys. The boys were untiring in their efforts to run errands and do everything for him.

One day, when her son was nearly well, Mrs. Whyland went to the third form classroom with Mrs. Arnold and made a little speech to the boys.

"I want to tell you, boys," said she, "how Richard, my only son, was brought up. His father was a naval officer and was away part of every year before he died, and so left me to manage the boy. Richard never went to school, as you boys do, but I taught him at home with his five sisters. He associated only with women until he went to college, so you can easily see why he didn't know how to manage or teach boys. He says that when he recovers he is going to know you better and is sure that he will like you and be able to make you understand. His physician allows him to go out for the first time tomorrow, and he wants to see you."

Then the boys understood. No wonder poor Mr. Whyland did not know how to manage them. He had been brought up with his sisters, whom, if they were all like Bessie, must be very nice indeed, and he had been supporting them by teaching.

The next day was a holiday in honor of the young tutor's recovery.

Toward noon he appeared on the steps leading to the playground, supported by his mother and Bessie. He was greeted with shouts of applause, and the third form boys had humbly begged his forgiveness. He made a little speech, saying that he trusted he should manage them better in the future, and he hoped they would always be the best of friends.

"And, boys," he added, with twinkling eyes, "I have learned something new about gas, and since I have recovered I am glad that you did 'settle' me."

"Three cheers for Professor Whyland and Miss Bessie!" cried Harry, and the hurrahs could be heard for miles.—Katherine N. Birdsall in Philadelphia Press.

Postal Red Tape.

The rule of the dead letter office is to make extraordinary effort to return all missent letters which are found to contain money. But blind obedience to this rule is the basis of an entertaining story. A boy in the Indian school on the Skokomish reservation, which is about three miles from the postoffice of Union City, Wash., wrote a letter to his brother at Seabeck some time ago, inclosing in it a small sum of money.

He also wrote on the envelope that, if it should not be delivered in proper time, was to be returned to the writer. His brother did not call for it, and it was returned to Union City. The postmaster there had not heard of the boy, and on inquiry failed to find him. Accordingly he sent the letter to the dead letter office.

On arrival here it was opened, and it had money in it. It was returned to Union City with a long letter of instructions to find the writer, if possible. After inquiry the boy was at last found and was requested to go in person, claim the letter and receipt for it, and the postmaster had to go through as much red tape as if the letter contained $1,000. The joke becomes evident when it is known that the money in the letter amounted to only a cent postage stamp and a copper cent.—New York Tribune.

How to Be Friendly With Wasps.

A correspondent of the Leeds (England) Mercury bears testimony to the inoffensive behavior of wasps if not molested. He writes: "My favorite garden seat in summer is near an extensive bed of flowers and evergreens. The wasps come to this bed while I am reading, roam over my book or newspaper. My hands and face are at their own pleasure. If I have been eating or drinking anything sweet, they make free with my lips and suck them. They come and go peaceably, and I encourage their companionship by keeping perfectly still. I was never stung by a wasp but once in my life, and then I deserved the punishment, which I provoked. A lengthened experience convinces me that if you remain passive and do not wantonly molest them you may live on the most friendly and sociable terms even with wasps."

SHE WOULD NOT SAY IT FIRST.

Conflicting feelings tore my heart
With ever swiftening pace,
Now happiest of earthly men,
Now meanest of my race.

I loved her true with all my heart
And sought to pave the way
To settle all my fevered doubts
And have her name the day.

I asked her if she loved me,
At least a score of times.
She answered "No" to every one
By word, note, prose and rhymes.

But yet the way she said it
Left hope within my heart,
And hope will hold a lover
Nor permit him to depart.

I said one day, "I love you,
Yes, I love you more and more!"
She blushed and smiled, "Why, did you not
Tell me of that before?"
—Ned Whately in Detroit Free Press.

A BACKWOODS HERO.

Upon the northern shore of Lake Superior, smuggled in between sun tipped hills, is a small village known best for its lumbering and shipping industries. A long neck of narrow land forms a natural breakwater and thus guards and protects the small town from Neptune's wrath. The harbor is scarcely more than two miles wide and four long, but is celebrated for its uncontrollable currents, jagged hidden rocks and Aprilish moods.

On this neck of land are scattered a few houses, all inhabited by lovers of the sea and nature's work and surrounded by dense groves of swaying pines. One day a few years ago there came from one of these houses a dark eyed young woman whose skin was roughened from the fierce lake winds and whose hands showed only too plainly that hard, coarse work befell her lot. Her boots were heavy, like those of a man. Her gown was not only ill fitting, but sadly behind the times as regards style and lacking by several inches its proper length, and on her head was drawn down closely over her ears a man's felt hat. Yet, notwithstanding these proofs of the uncouth woman, there was a certain indescribable something about her gypsylike face that betold the possession of a fine mind and a strong, unbending character. It was neither the soft brown eyes nor the smiling mouth, for her features were extremely plain, and the straight fringe of hair that tendriled out now and then from under the curved hat brim gave the round cheeks a ghastliness that reminded one shiveringly of witches and goblins and evil spirits. In her arms she carried a pair of oars, wrapped in a small sail. Around her feet frolicked several kittens, and a huge black and white dog bounded along beside her.

She walked slowly toward a small dock that floated unsteadily out into the bay. A flat bottomed boat, with a splinterlike mast and no bowsprit, bumped against the dock now and then with a soft rubbing and nudging that was as soothing as a mother's evening lullaby.

"It looks pretty threatening, seems to me," the girl murmured to herself. "This here bay is always ready to cut up its monkey shines just when folks wants it to behave itself. If it wasn't for daddy coming home tonight, and mother sick, and nothing much to eat in the house, I believe I'd give up going across for the groceries." Then, noticing a parting of the thick bushes that bordered the pathway and catching a passing glimpse of a faded yellow hat, she called out, "Hello, Jim!"

The next moment she was joined by a stalwart young man, with the wholesome appearance of a combination farmer and sailor.

"Going to sail over to the point, Meg?" he asked.

"Yes. You can go if you want to," she replied, with mischievous eyes and twitching lips. "I guess 'twon't be the first time that the little dory has carried two passengers."

"We'd better hurry, I reckon," rejoined Jim. "The old lake is a-raging, and the bay looks a bit ill tempered now. We'll have a thundering old storm before next sunrise, and I shouldn't be surprised if it arrived before midnight."

Together they hoisted the sail, adjusted the rudder and unfastened the lines.

Jim seated himself in the stern, Meg dropped down on the seat in the center of the boat so as to lower and raise the centerboard, as Captain Jim ordered, and off they sailed like a bird let loose from captivity. Both were good sailors, and the simple fact that a huge wave deluged them now and then added zest to the sport.

"I say, Meg," began Jim as they plunged through towers of foam and rocked and swayed in the billows, "don't you think you're mighty hard on a fellow? Three years is a long time, and time does change folks and things so. Anyhow I don't see what you're driving at. I've known you since you were knee high to a grasshopper, and I don't like the idea of losing you after all these years of work and waiting. Your dad and your mother are willing, you say you don't dislike me, and you know what I think of you. Come, now, tell me your reasons for this three years' waiting business."

"I suppose my reasons are silly," Meg answered slowly and with irritating deliberation. "But, you see, that year at Miss Banker's spoiled me. Even if I was nothing but a parlor maid, I got some ideas in my head that stick like so many burs. I don't always want to live this way. I've spent every cent I've had on the books, and Miss Banker has helped me lots. I want to be educated and know how to talk. I long to be able to be like the town girls, not so far as dress goes, but it's the schooling that I want. When I read about those clever women who paint and write and teach, it makes me think that my world is too small and cramped to ever grow any bigger unless I break away soon. I love the water, and the woods, and the damp earth itself, but I am wild to be up and doing and working at something that will not end today just as it did yesterday and will again tomorrow. I"——

A violent breeze struck the small dory just then, tipping it perilously and sending the girl's hair flying in a still wilder fashion. It was soon followed by another, and the third raised the small sail until it stood round and erect like a funnel shaped cone of white canvas.

A queer grating sound beneath, a crackling of wood and iron and stone, and the rudder was wrenched from Jim's hand. Words were not necessary just then. Each realized that they two were being toyed with and tossed around like helpless straws. The sail was unmanageable, and the lost rudder left them entirely at the mercy of the wind and waves.

"Come here with me!" Jim cried hoarsely as he reached for the shivering bundle with the flying hair and frightened eyes. He drew Meg toward him, all the time keeping a firm hold on the line that prevented the sail from flapping more desperately.

Above the roar of the water he heard her nervous laugh, and once she said, "I think I'd be right scared if it wasn't for our getting caught in these squalls so often."

The boat was careening like a live creature maddened with pain. The water dashed over the little dory that was scudding toward the shore at an unprecedented speed. Crowds of curious watchers lined the beach where they would land. As they neared the shore Jim said tremblingly: "This is the worst fix we've been in yet. We'll be dashed to pieces on the logs unless they try to help us."

He folded his strong arms around the small girl, and he pressed her hands fondly and whispered words of hope and courage.

"Tell me just once that you do care for me just a little bit, and that you won't back out of marrying me at the end of three years," he said. "Our chances for getting out of this alive are few, and I know if you don't answer now you never will. Please, please, please, Meg!" His voice was pitched loudly and shrilly.

"I can't promise for sure, Jim. I can't even now. I'm so frightened. I know we're both going to die. The waves never scared me before." And the rest was lost as an enormous roll of water deluged them.

No other word was said. A moment later there was a wild crashing and creaking of timber.

The anxious watchers saw the boat tossed in among a nest of logs that lined the beach.

Like a crowd of stupid, senseless beings, they gazed and wrung their hands. Then they saw a tall form raise itself up in the stern of the boat. He had something in his arms that looked like a woman swathed in a piece of tarpaulin. The boat was only a few rods from the shore and was just ready to fall to pieces. Suddenly the tall figure leaped into the water, with his helpless burden in one arm, while with the other he fought his way among the billows and rolling logs. The watchers rushed to his assistance. They saw him whirled and buffeted around much as a mouse being teased by a frolicsome minded cat. He had nearly reached the shore when an enormous log flung itself against him. With a mighty effort he threw his burden toward the frantic assembly of people.

Then he sank and was seen no more until the next day, when his crushed and mangled body floated gently on the now restful waves, which finally deposited his remains at the foot of the little dock where the dory had always tugged and pulled at its anchor ropes.

And that is the reason why a woman considered clever and gifted by the world's critics is always sad and heartsick when she hears the moaning of the winds or the roaring of beating, restless water. Fame and fortune have come to her.

She is no longer a crude, uncultured creature with flying black hair and rough fingers. The world bows down in reverence to her, for her stories are read by thousands and her pictures received most favorably by all. She laughs, and her friends declare her to be the jolliest person in Christendom. But when a storm comes up, and the skies darken, and the air is filled with dire foreboding, she sinks into a sad, lifeless being, whose eyes are heavy with unshed tears and whose throat is choked with sobs.

At these times her friends depart and murmur soft words of pitying tenderness among themselves.—Chicago News.

Napoleon and Home Production.

Napoleon forbade the use of cotton or of foreign wood for the furniture of the imperial palaces. He desired that the people who were invited to the drawing rooms at court should dress only in silk, so as to encourage the Lyons manufactories. He declared war on Indian cashmeres, but his power was impotent against the tyranny of fashion and against routine. The emperor threatened the empress in vain that he would throw her cashmere shawls into the fire. The empress used to answer him that as soon as they could give her stuffs as light and warm as the cashmere woolens she would be very glad to wear them.

The emperor encouraged the manufacturers of French shawls and commissioned Isabey to make the designs of a magnificent woolen stuff like cashmere on a white ground, with which a shawl and a dress were made. Marie Louise wore them with some reluctance. These stuffs had not the softness which they have since acquired. The empress used to complain with reason that her dress "griped" whenever she went near the fire.—Memoirs Baron de Meneval.

An Interesting Experiment.

Dr. Bloots requested 50 gentlemen and 50 ladies to write down 100 words each of their own selection. Out of the total number of 10,000 only 3,036 distinct words were found to have been chosen. Thus, for instance, all the ladies and gentlemen had put down the word "money," all the gentlemen the word "woman," all the ladies the words "dressmaker" and "glove," and all the ladies and 24 gentlemen the word "beautiful."—Vereins-Blatt.

The Light of the "Lightning Bug."

Of late the naturalists have been losing sleep and filling a great deal of valuable magazine space in discussing the causes that produce the light emitted by fireflies. As is generally the case where much study and investigation is involved, there is a wide difference of opinion. One school of scientists trace the phenomenon to the nervous system of the insect; another to his respiration, while a third school have prepared an article of 6,000 words to prove that the light is entirely dependent upon the poor bug's circulation. The burden of evidence seems to be in favor of those who claim that the luminous tissue is made up of fat globules, which are intermittently acted upon by the oxygen of the air and the phosphorous of the creature's body.—St. Louis Republic.

The Car Cure.

We do not know, but we strongly suspect, that our electric railways are encouraging the car cure. In fact, Europeans are gravely discussing the effects of electric railways on rheumatism, and many sufferers take the car cure with regularity and supposed benefit. They get as near the motor as possible and cast longing eyes on the trolley. As a noted and eminent English physician gave as the result of his life's observation "that fully two-thirds of the ailments of humanity were purely imaginary," we can readily see how the car cure for rheumatism is very efficacious.—Atlanta Constitution.

The protection afforded to the earth by snow is shown by Ebermayer in the "Influence of Frosts." In one observation the temperature of the air above the snow was 6 degrees below zero. Under the snow the thermometer stood at 33 degrees.

Energy and Content.

Energy and content are not opposite terms. It is the lazy man usually who is discontented. When a person really wants to do something in the world and goes about it resolutely, the effort gives a satisfaction that nothing else will. True content is found only with busy people.—Womankind.

Miscellaneous

Miscellaneous

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ANTICIPATING FAME.

BESANT'S PATHETIC STORY OF "PAUL THE WANDERER."

The Quiet Dignity of a Man Who Was Living For Posterity—A Pretty Little Skit Written In the English Novelist's Inimitable Style.

I knew him for several years before his death. When I first made his acquaintance, he was already an old man. He was also, as was evident from the first, a very poor man. He went about shabbily dressed. He carried biscuits in his pocket to the reading room on which he lunched or took snacks at intervals during the day. Perhaps he had dinner afterward, but I always suspected his dinner to be an uncertain and a movable feast. It was understood that he was something in the literary way. I got to know him by sitting next to him day after day. We exchanged the amenities of the reading room, apologized for crowding each other with books, abused the talkers, remarked on the impudence of those who go to the room in order to flirt and so forth. When I got to know him better, I made little discoveries about him, as, for instance, that he liked a glass of beer in the middle of the day and that he could not afford the twopence. I may say, not boastfully, that I was able to offer him this little luxury. We used to go out together for the purpose. He was good enough to take an interest in my work. He proved to have a considerable knowledge of books and gave me considerable help in this way.

One Sunday I met him in the street. We stopped to speak. He lamented the closing of the museum on Sunday. For his own part, he said, he would have the reading room open every day in the week. Why close the avenues of knowledge? Why damn the fountains and springs of wisdom? So we walked and talked. He was perfectly dignified in his manner, though his great coat was so thin and shabby that one might be ashamed to be seen with him. He stopped presently at the door of a house in High street, Holborn.

"I lodge here," he said. "Will you come up stairs and see my hermitage?"

I remember that he called it grandly his hermitage. He led the way; the stairs were dark and dirty; he took me to the fifth, or fifty-fifth, floor. He lived in the back attic.

"This," he said, "is the cell of the recluse. I live here quite retired. There are other lodgers, I believe, but I do not know them. I live here with my library in simplicity. The air is wholesome at this height."

He threw open the window and sniffed the fragrance of the neighboring chimneys. The room was clean; the furniture was scanty; there was no fire in the grate; on a shelf were about 25 books—his library. The man looked perfectly contented with his hermitage. There were no papers on the table, nothing to show that he was a writer.

I do not know how he lived—certainly he did no work at the museum—but he never borrowed. In one corner stood a wooden chest. He lifted the lid and nodded and laughed.

"Aha!" he said, "now I am going to reveal a secret. You didn't know, nobody at the museum knows, the people in the house don't know, that I am—what do you think?—a poet. It is 30 years since I paid for the publication of my collected poetical works. Yes, sir, and I am going not only to communicate this secret to your honor—in safe keeping—but to present you with a copy. There, my young friend!" He produced a thin volume. "I am Paul the Wanderer." In fact, the title page bore the legend, "Collected Poetical Work of Paul the Wanderer."

"Thirty years," he repeated. "There were 500 copies. The press received 50, the public bought four; there remained 446. I have now given you one. There now remain 445. I have bequeathed these to the public libraries of the nation. Sir, you are young. You will yourself perhaps publish your poems. Remember for your comfort that it takes 50 years, or two generations, for the noblest poets to take their proper place. Greatness—true, stable, solid greatness, not the empty applause given to an ephemeral favorite—requires 50 years at least. Go, sir! Take the book I have given you, and in after years, when I am gone, tell the world that you knew—Paul the Wanderer!" I wrung his hand in silence and left him. More than 50 years have passed since he published that work. No one has yet spoken to me of Paul the Wanderer. But I now understood his dignity, his self respect and his content. He was anticipating and enjoying his future fame. He was living for posterity. Present poverty and neglect were nothing.—Walter Besant in London Queen.

Another Mammoth Statue.

The sculptor Nikolaus Geiger is putting the last touches to his statue of Barbarossa, which is to symbolize the ancient kingdom in the Kyffhauser monument, to be unveiled in 1896. The Barbarossa appears at the end of a vestibule in the style of an ancient castle, on the steps of the throne upon which he is sitting like the sleeping figures of the courtiers, with fabulous animals of the old mythic world. Barbarossa is represented at the moment of waking from his long sleep. In his right hand is his sword; his left hand strokes his long waving beard. Contrary to all other figures of the old hero, he is here represented as an actual emperor, with the features of a noble man. The whole monument, hewed from the rock, will be about 80 feet high. The figure of the seated monarch is about 30 feet high.—London Sun.

One Way of Saving 5 Cents.

I heard a good story that brings out Russell Sage's laying up for a rainy day hobby. It seems that Russell seldom if ever misses the directors' dinner, spread every day in the Western Union building, after which he is not averse to an inexpensive cigar, and just here it is not amiss to suggest that Russell should smoke tobies, which would furnish his tobacco solace for the small sum of three for five, which is just in his line. While at the cigar stand, fishing around his not at all fashionable costume for the requisite coin, an acquaintance arrived and planked down 15 cents for an imported weed. The cunning old manipulator of the destinies of Wall street lambs saw an opportunity here to make a turn in the cigar line. Producing a dime, he laid it beside the acquaintance's 15 cents and then suggested to said acquaintance to order two for a quarter. As the brand the gentleman wanted retailed for 15 cents straight or two for a quarter the foxy Russell secured a 15 center for 10 cents. This is a lesson in economy, so there's no use saying anything about the other phase of the deal.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Binding.

Hayrick—Can't you fix this splice so that neither of us can get a divorce?

Parson—You can make a contract to that effect if you wish.

Hayrick—That's it. Draw up articles that this is to be a fight to a finish.—Kate Field's Washington.

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